Also: Henry Hathaway, and
Jean-Pierre Gorin on "Godard and Me"

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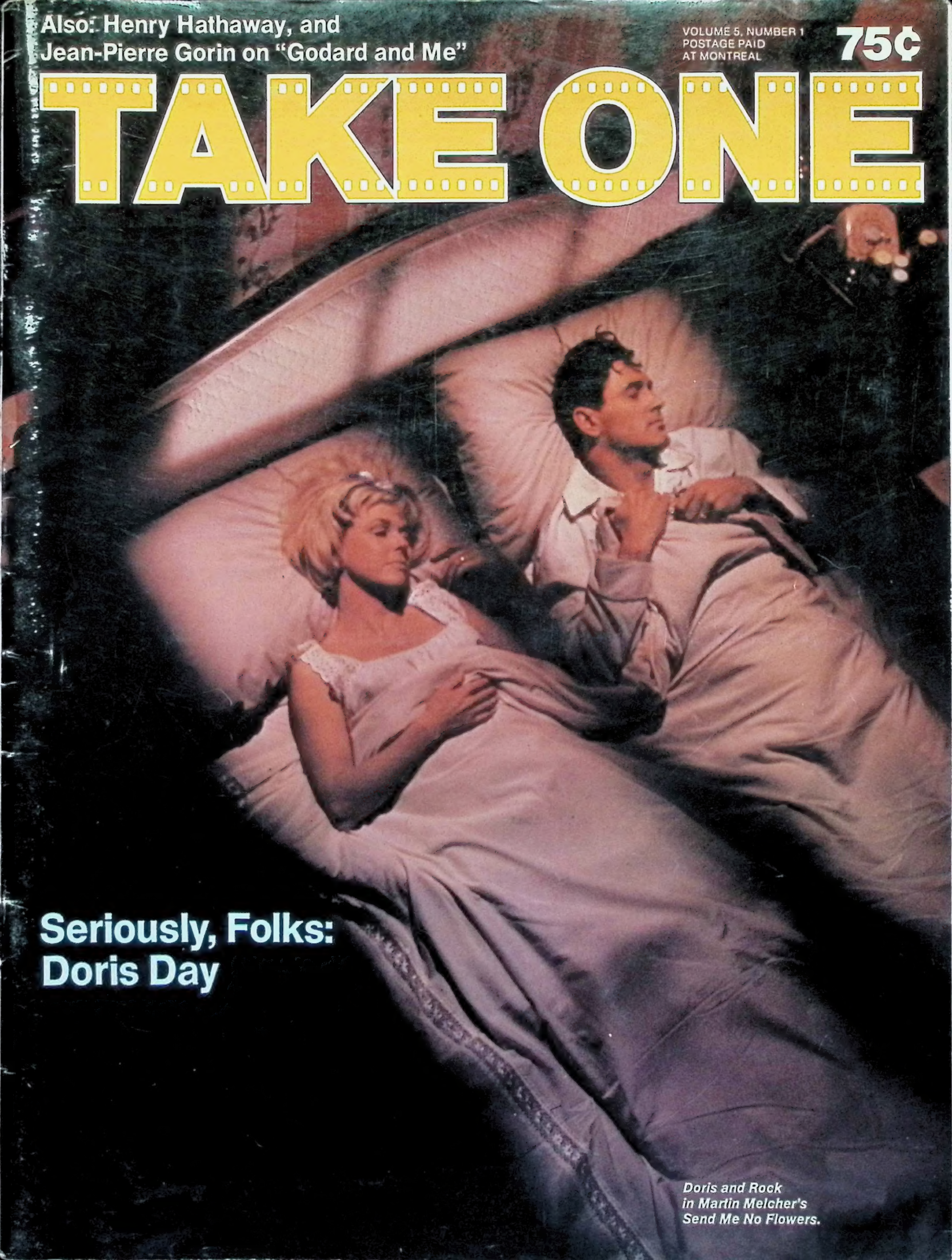

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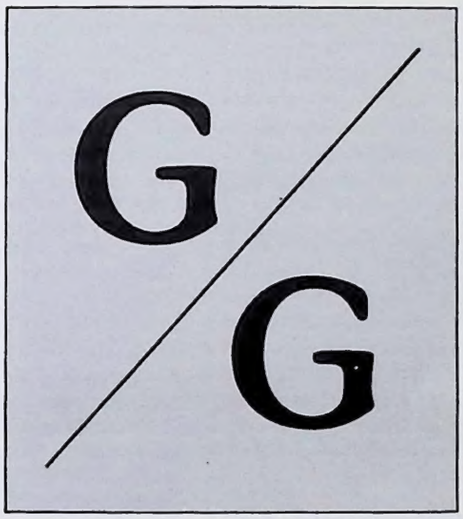

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The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Incarcerated #1

An (it is to be hoped) irregular, infrequent and short-lived series of reports on filmmakers currently in prisons in various countries around the world, prepared with the assistance of Amnesty International, London.

Adolfo Silva Gonsalez, Chile

Adolfo Silva Gonsalez is a 58-year-old television cameraman, who was head of television for OIR, the Information and Broadcasting Office of the Presidency, before the September 1973 military coup. He was also a member of the Socialist Party. Mr. Gonsalez was arrested on 28 February 1974 in Santiago and has been detained since then under the special provisions of the State of Siege. He is presently held in a military precinct in Santiago where he was transferred to from Dawson Island on 8 May 1974. He is in poor health, and has apparently suffered a serious back injury.

(Amnesty International's address is 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8SP.)

Gérard Depardieu is to be hero of Luis Bunuel's new film, **Gilles de Rais**. Based loosely on the life and character of Joan of Arc's comrade-in-arms, parts of the film will take place in contemporary times.

Olga Korbut — who captured three gold medals and a lot of hearts at the Munich Olympic Games — is planning to enter the school of the Moscow Art Theatre after the Montreal Games. "I have been dreaming for a long time of becoming an actress," she told a reporter.

In what seems to be a new, post-Watergate, era of candor and truth-in-advertising, United Artists publicity people have been describing the Richard Dreyfuss-starrer, **Inserts**, as "a degenerate movie done with dignity".

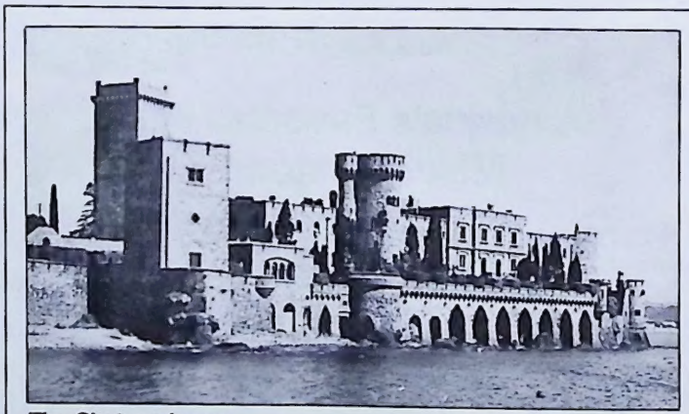
Death Week End, written and directed by Bill (**Wedding in White**) Fruet and produced by Ivan (**Cannibal Girls**) Reitman, and starring Brenda Vaccaro and Don Stroud, has completed shooting in and around Toronto. It is presently being edited for an April release.

While shooting a scene for his soon-to-be-released feature, **Partners**, filmmaker Don (**Nobody Waved Goodbye**) Owen set up his cameras in the lobby of Toronto's Hyatt Regency Hotel for a shot of an elevator arriving, the doors opening, and anonymous people disembarking. The cameras rolled, the elevator arrived, the doors opened and Louis Malle and Alexandra Stewart stepped out. Take two.

Production Notes From All Over: Robert Shaw, Bruce Dern and Marthe Keller star in John Frankenheimer's **Black Sunday**. ... Sidney Lumet has been signed to direct **They Shall Not Pass** (pre-WWII Europe) for Universal. ... John Hubley will lead the animation team for the animated-feature version of **Watership Down**. ... Billy Jack Enterprises has acquired the rights to **Mr. Smith Goes to Washington** and will remake it as **Billy Jack Goes to ...** etc. ... Also being remade is Ernst Lubitsch's **To Be Or Not to Be** — this time with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft starring. ... Carl Gottlieb — co-author of **Jaws** — will make his directorial debut in **My Country, 'Tis of Thee**, described as a satiric look at the beginnings of America. ... Jean-Luc Godard is reported to have been in Mexico casting a film called **On Va Voir**. ... Universal has acquired screen rights to **The Joan Little Story**. ... Mart Crowly, author of **The Boys in the Band**, is to return to the screen with a script for **Jane**, based on the novel by Dee Wells. ... Raquel Welch will play the title role in **Sheena, Queen of the Jungle**. ... Jan (**Lies My Father Told Me**) Kadar is preparing **Mrs. Munck** — his first Hollywood-based film. ... Doug Kenney and Harold Ramis are completing the script of the first *National Lampoon* film (more later). ... George Roy Hill's finalizing casting and location-scouting for his **Slapshot**, to star Paul Newman as a hockey player. ... Filming is now complete (though a month late) on **Bound for Glory**, about Woody Guthrie. ... Norman Mailer's at work on the script of **Once Upon a Time in America** for Sergio Leone. ... Bo Widerberg has started shooting **The Abominable Man**, about police violence. ... Paramount executives went to Paris to see Nicolas Roeg's assembly of his **The Man Who Fell to Earth**, starring David Bowie, and came back complaining that they couldn't understand it. Now Paramount says they won't distribute the film, and Producer Max Raab is talking about lawsuits. What this does to Roeg's plans to film **The Fan Club** for Columbia no one knows yet.

Money in shorts?

If you are one of the producers of a short film sold to Genesis Films, Ltd. some years ago that was included in a package entitled *Genesis IV* or *Genesis V*, you may not be aware that McGraw-Hill Films now holds the distribution rights and is looking for you. They have been holding royalty cheques for the mostly-young (and mobile) filmmakers whose works were included in the two packages. If you think you've got money coming, contact Amy H. Hustedt, McGraw-Hill Films, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. And tell her we sent you.



The Chateau knows ....

Fifteen days of films, and participation in the Cannes Film Festival, will highlight a summer school course offered by the University of Pennsylvania, May 15 through 31. Students will stay in the town of La Napoule, while seminars, discussions, screenings and other gatherings will be held at the Château de La Napoule (see photo). The course is to be taught and organized by Dr. Stuart Samuels, Lecturer in Film History at the U. of Pa. Students will have access to the hundreds of films shown during the Festival at nearby Cannes, while special guests (directors, producers, actors, studio execs, distributors, even critics) will discuss their work and projects with the students (Seth Willenson, National Sales Mgr. for Films Inc., is acting as liaison with the film industry). For information and application forms, write: Cannes Summer Course, Summer Session, 210 Logan Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19174. But enrollment is limited, so you'd better hurry.

LETTERS

Screenplay research
For my study of the Canadian screenplay and its relationship to the photoplay in Canada I shall be grateful to your readers who might let me see or refer to my attention books, papers, memoirs, early versions of screenplays and other related materials.

Norman Klenman
180 West Second Ave.
Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 1C2

More butchery
I most whole-heartedly agree with Bill Elledge of Riverside, CA ("Letters", Vol. 4, No. 11), about how local stations butcher films. We recently moved to Arizona from Illinois, where they seem to make a practice of TV butchery. A station in Peoria (WEEK, Ch. 25, to be exact) ran a series of Laurel and Hardy films over the summer. The allotted time slot was one hour, and all of the films that were shown ran well over sixty minutes. Since WEEK needed time for commercials, they simply cut out the first fifteen or twenty minutes of the films. The same seems to be the case at a local Phoenix station. (Stan Laurel himself once complained about the editing of his films for commercial breaks, and offered to do a better job himself, for no pay.)

Steven Bailey
Phoenix, Arizona

A case of un-butchery
Thanks for the article on James Coburn (Vol. 4, No. 12). Some readers may be interested to know that the tv version of Coburn's Sam Peckinpah western **Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid**, aired by CBS in October, featured some of the footage that was cut out by MGM for theatrical release. Although much of the film was edited by the network, the sequence mentioned in your interview involving Garrett and his Mexican wife, the scene featuring Barry Sullivan as cattleman Chisum, and the scene that introduced Rita Coolidge, which were all out of the theatrical version, were shown in the tv version.

Alan Kolpon
Beaver Falls, Pa.

Making films accessible
I was pleased to see James Monaco's report on the film education conference at CUNY (Vol. 4, No. 12). The review it contained of film semiotics, while not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless does let your many readers in on what film scholars are doing these days.

At the same time I was rather surprised to discover that in their apparent wisdom, the participants — whether humanist or structuralist or professionalist or non-professionalist — failed to raise what is surely one of *the* basic issues in film study today — *ACCESS.*

It seems to me that the current situation in any number of institutions offering programmes in film study leaves a great deal to be desired. I refer to the fact that film students are rarely able to devote to particular examples of cinema art the close scrutiny that characterizes the work of, say, the literary scholar. For a variety of reasons, technical, legal and financial, film is simply not available for this purpose. It is as if one had set up a literature programme *without* a library and with the material available only on a mechanical reading device operated at the speed and convenience of someone else.

The repertory film theatres that have sprung up in the past few years, the various festivals, the late and early night movies on tv and university film society screenings do not come close to solving the problem. And neither do the weekly or bi-weekly screenings arranged for film course students. This get-it-quickly-as-it-goes-by-quickly approach is a very inadequate one.

It is not my intention here to assign blame. I merely wish to point out what appears to be a very serious shortcoming of film studies and to invite my colleagues throughout the country and the world to join together in elaborating a proper solution to the problem. I would be very interested in learning whether other film educators have encountered this difficulty, their estimation of its seriousness and the ways in which they have attempted to deal with it.

David Levy
Film and Communication Programme
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McGill University
P.O. Box 6070, Station A
Montreal, Quebec
Canada
H3C 3G1

We welcome letters from our readers but can seldom accommodate lengths of over 500 words. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

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OR VISIT BOOTH #352 AT THE 1976 NEC NATIONAL CONVENTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.—FEBRUARY 25-29.

"...I made

An Interview with Henry Hathaway by Scott Eyman

"Henry Hathaway is a fine, instinctive creator; he's never gotten the creative credit I think is due him. Even though there's a legend built up around the man, I've never seen him yell. He treats you very gently, as an actor. Christ, he'll put down green boughs for you to walk on so you won't bruise your feet. But, if you're careless or not interested, God help you; then, he can be a son of a bitch. He treats a little mistake the same as a big one; he's a bludgeon on mistakes."

— John Wayne to the author

For a man who carries the Hollywood reputation of having Von Stroheim's regard for actors' sensibilities mixed with Curtiz' patience topped off with Peckinpah's human benificence, Henry Hathaway is an awfully nice guy.

Today, the man who left Kim Novak in gaping-mouthed amazement, Kim Darby in matronly outrage and Dennis Hopper in alcoholic oblivion — twice — is a benevolent 77 years old, living in a stunning, modern Bel Air estate that looks out over a massive canyon to the lights of Los Angeles.

Tall and slimmer than his portraits lead you to believe, Hathaway is the most congenial of men, breezily revealing the long-suppressed truth about the Harlow-Bern affair and offering blunt and sometimes surprising opinions about things political ("I've hated that son-of-a-bitch Nixon since 1950 and voted against him every time he ran for office; unfortunately, nobody believed me".) as well as social

> I direct like this: If it's supposed to be warm and it doesn't warm me, the audience won't get it. If it's supposed to be funny and I don't get it, the audience won't laugh. When I'm making a movie, I have to divorce myself and just watch the scene and see if it works. I think I have the capacity to do that, to be the audience. ...

— all this despite vociferous protests against interviews in general.

"I must have gotten 30 requests for interviews in the last year alone, simply because I made one film with Marilyn Monroe; I turned them all down. All those books are just exploiting her misery and I won't be a party to it."

For this kind man of probity and unpious morality, the American Dream has come true: He has attained wealth, success and professional stature while living in his own way by his own code.

For twenty years, Henry Hathaway was to Twentieth Century-Fox what Raoul Walsh was to Warners: the hardnosed professional who would take on a troublesome story or an obnoxious actor and, one way or another, turn out a watchable, if not always galvanic, film. In return, they would be occasionally favored with a first-rate script and sober actors. Circumstances like these can account for Walsh's helter-skelter, nonsensically-motivated **Silver City** rubbing noses with the superior **White Heat**, and Hathaway's magnificent **Kiss of Death** and **Rawhide** clambering all over **Prince Valiant**. Two steps forward, one step back: Such were the perils of a contract director.

If Walsh's main liability is the perfunctory, line-it-up-and-shoot-it flatness that pervades and ruins so much of his work, then Hathaway's is probably his overactive work ethic, his willingness to shoot almost any script that happened to be lying around rather than be idle.

Indeed, the only people that arouse Hathaway's ire are those he regards as lazy, non-productive or indifferent, things that he seldom can be accused of.

From the gently beguiling and paternal **Shepherd of the Hills** through the prickly urban terrors of **Kiss of Death**, the glowing N.C. Wyeth compositions and colors of **The Black Rose** and the earth-warm, expansive glories of **True Grit**, Hathaway tells the story of the common man, his ambitions and his failures, and always minus the macho breast-beating of Walsh's heroes *à la* Flynn and **Objective Burma** *ad nauseam.*

For Hathaway, there can be no success without tenacity and good humor, no failure without weakness and self-indulgence.

If Hathaway's almost frontier-basic belief in clarity, honesty, directness of approach and good vs. evil seems naive in an otherwise anxious-neurotic era, it is all to the films' good.

Anxiety and social hysteria breed only distress and, unlike so many of today's films, seemingly made by people under analysis about people who should be, Hathaway's work breeds excitement over instinctive conflicts, contemplation over the splendor of natural landscapes (Hathaway's location work — **Sons of Katie Elder**, **True Grit**, even the disappointing **Shoot-Out** — is fully the equal of Ford's), and the pleasure and contentment that comes from witnessing commanding craftsmanship at work.

movies..."

I'm a native son of a native son. Born in 1898, in Sacramento. My family has always been in show business; first it was vaudeville and road companies here in California — my mother was the leading lady — and then it was movies. When the first motion picture company came to California, she worked in it: American, located down at La Mesa, outside of San Diego. Allan Dwan was the director, and the strongest man I ever saw in my life. He used to take one of those big sledgehammers, pick it up by the end of the handle, slowly lift it up to his forehead, then put it slowly down to the ground, then bring it up parallel to the ground again. He's the only man I ever saw who could stand absolutely still and jump up on a 3 foot platform.

At American in 1908, I was doing everything. Whenever they needed a kid, I was it. If the Indians had to steal a child that would grow up to be Jack [J. Warren] Kerrigan, it was me. The leading lady — they still kept those classifications alive in those days — was Pauline Bush, Allan Dwan's wife. My mother was a character woman and Jack Richardson was the heavy. They made a one-reel picture every day; five a week.

I quit acting simply because actors are always broke and always have been. They didn't make that kind of money in those days anyway. Most of the actors were under contract by the year. It was a straight stock company and most of them never knew if they were going to be rehired or not. I found that the people who were really secure in the business were behind the camera. So that's what I decided to do, for both security and financial reasons. That and the fact that it's the only job in the world where you're absolutely on your own to do what you want to do, to do what you think is the right thing to do.

I quit school and went to work at Universal the day they opened: March 17, 1915. I was a prop man, usually working with Frank Lloyd in the studio or Harry Carey on location. A little while after I'd joined Universal, the war came along and I went into the Army, where I took advantage of the situation and did nothing but go to school. This was at Fort Winfield Scott in San Francisco; I never saw any action.

When I got out, I went to see Frank Lloyd at Goldwyn, where he was working at the time. He got me a job as his prop man. I stayed until the big strike in '20 or '21. I was out for around nine months and it was funny; since I was working for Frank, one of the top directors in the business, I was getting $65 a week. The unions were demanding $45 and Goldwyn wanted to know why I was on strike for $20 less a week. I told him I had no choice, whereupon he said, "You're too dumb for me" and fired me.

Then I went to Universal and worked for Von Stroheim on **Foolish Wives**. He was exactly what he was on the screen: autocratic as hell, so much so that he wouldn't let the studio read his script. He was the Preminger of his time; a better director than Preminger, but the same sort of temperament.

On his next picture, **Merry-Go-Round**, Thalberg insisted that he have a script before he start the picture. So Stroheim had the script put in a vault, to be opened only in the event of his death and somebody else having to finish the picture. After Thalberg sacked him, they went and opened the vault and looked at the script: nothing but blank pages. He had been working strictly off the cuff. I don't know how the hell they ever finished the picture.

After that, I went to Paramount where I worked for the two people who were instrumental in my education: Victor Fleming and Josef Von Sternberg. I was Joe's Assistant Director for a long time; he was tough, but he forgot more about movies than most people know; he was the first director to have less story and more characterization.

As for Vic, every man that ever worked for him patterned himself after him. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, all of them. He had a strong personality, not to the point of imposing himself on anybody, but just forceful and masculine. Every leading lady that ever worked for him fell in love with him. And he generally reciprocated, at least for that picture.

I also worked for Paul Bern, who was later murdered. Most people don't know the truth about that and, as a result, Paul's reputation was destroyed. He had been living for eight or ten years in New York with a girl; she considered herself to be his wife in common law. When he came out here, he didn't bring her along; she stayed in New York. When he got married to Harlow, she went berserk. At the time, she was living at the Algonquin, and Frank Case, the owner, wrote Bern a letter

Scott Eyman is a regular contributor to Take One *(he did the interview with Mae West in Vol. 4 No. 1 and the William Clothier interview in Vol. 4 No. 8). Despite all that, he lives in Euclid, Ohio.*

"I quit school and went to work at Universal the day they opened: March 17, 1915."

suggesting he do something about her. She had locked herself in her room and refused to come out, all sorts of things. Well, Paul was in no position to do anything — Jean was totally unaware of any of this — so he asked me to go out and see if I could straighten things out. Unfortunately, I was going up to Bear Valley for ten days to do some location work on a Western. I told him that when I came back I'd see what I could do. The day I arrived back in town, Paul was killed.

I went over to see Paul's butler, who told me that his New York girl had come to town and called him up. Well, Paul didn't know what the hell to do. She came out to the house that afternoon, when Harlow happened to be there. When Harlow found out what was going on, she walked out and went to her mother's. Finally, Paul got rid of the woman and sat down to write a note; the business about "You understand that last night was only a comedy.." and "..accepting my abject humiliation.." was about Harlow's meeting the other woman, not about Paul not being able to get it up! He was going to send it with flowers the next day, which is what he always did. But before he could, his old girlfriend came back and shot him. Then she went up to San Francisco, jumped off a ferry boat and committed suicide. The studio covered the whole thing up; better to impugn Paul's masculinity and make Jean out to be an innocent dupe than have her party to bigamy.

I much preferred talkies to silents; I was glad to see talkies come in. The only interesting thing about the early days, to me anyway, was when they tried to make pictures without titles.

At Paramount, I had always made it my business to make my presence known. I would take scripts and work on them, show them how they could save money. Now, a fellow named Charles Rogers made the B pictures at Paramount; he'd turn them out for $80-90,000 and sell them to Paramount for maybe $200,000 a picture. I thought this was ridiculous. Sam Jaffe, who was [B.P.] Schulberg's brother-in-law, wanted to start his own unit and make them himself for a lot less. Schulberg liked the idea and went along with it. Jaffe and I were friends, so he asked me to pick out one of the Westerns I had done with Fleming, get a writer and re-work it. I got a writer and went up to Lake Arrowhead; 2 weeks later I came back with a script only to find that Jaffe had gotten into a terrible row with Von Sternberg. Von Sternberg had said it was either Sam or him, so they had fired Sam. Well, I had a script and a job, sort of, but no Sam to get it going.

I went over to the studio and talked with Harold Hurley, who was David Selznick's assistant and told him the whole story

*Henry Fonda in **Spawn of the North**, 1938.*

about setting up a separate B picture unit. He liked the idea, told me to wait in his office and went out. Two hours later he came back and said, "We've got the job." Harold was the producer and I was, at last, a director.

Sunset Pass (1933)

I started off with a bunch of Zane Grey adaptations that weren't really adaptations. Christ, at the time I was working for Fleming, every climax we thought up would be used in Grey's next book; we were ahead of him — he was adapting us.

Working on those films, we had to use every inch of stock footage we could steal. I had a lot of stock stuff of this mammoth cattle stampede from some silent epic and I was supposed to cut in medium shots using about six cows. We couldn't afford any more. But I shot it so it was hard to tell. Try making a stampede out of six cows sometime!

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (1935)

Lives of a Bengal Lancer was originally going to be a Cooper-Schoedsack [of **King Kong** and **Chang** fame] production. They had gone over to India, shot a lot of stuff and come back. When they arrived back in Hollywood, they got a bad time at the studio because their last film there, **Four Feathers**, hadn't done too well. Then Steven Roberts took it over; he tried to get very elaborate and spend a lot more money than they wanted to. Exit Steve Roberts.

Now, Jack Morse, who was Gary Cooper's agent, had seen a lot of the Westerns I'd made; he went in and suggested me. Coop had director approval in his contract, and Morse guaranteed that, so I moved into big-budget films. It's funny, but the money aspect of it never bothered me. The big-budget films were the only ones I had ever worked on when I was an Assistant Director. The rough ones, the ones that intimidated me, were the cheap ones, the films where you had to make something out of nothing.

I think another reason I might have gotten the job was that I had been to India. I had spent nine months in India; I knew it backwards. In India, everything is white. The clothes, the walls, everything is white. When Hans Dreier and I worked together on the film, we made everything white, to match my memories of India; the images were just right.

Do you know how much I was getting paid at that time? $300 a week to shoot that film. All together, I cost that picture less than $5000. The problem was that I was still under contract for those cheap westerns; it was a five year deal: $200, $300, $400, $600, and $800. When I was at the $400 stage, I went to work for Walter Wanger to make **The Trail of the Lonesome Pine**. He said, "You only make $400 a week?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Nobody who works for me makes $400. You make $1000." Nobody would have had any respect for him if he had a director who worked that cheap. That's Hollywood for you.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine (1936)

When I made that movie, there was a dumb rule at the Breen Office to the effect that you couldn't show the victim of a shooting in the same shot as the man who was doing the shooting. In other words, you had to show one man firing and cut to another man falling. Made no sense, but that was the rule.

Well, after the coward shot Henry Fonda in the film, I had the father turn around and empty his gun into the guy — in the same shot. When the studio saw it, they went crazy. "You didn't protect yourself; what if we have to cut that?" I said, "I felt that the situation called for that kind of treatment." When we screened it for Joe Breen, I sat next to him. For the whole picture, he didn't say a thing. After we came outside he said that he thought the picture was marvelous. And somebody asked about that scene of the shooting. "Didn't you find anything objectionable about that violence?" "Hell, no. The son of a bitch had it coming."

The Real Glory (1939)

Sam Goldwyn thought that script needed an extra scene. I thought it was fine as it

was. I said, "Sam, if we finish the picture and you still think we need the extra scene, I'll shoot it for you." We finished the film and we're running the rough cut at his house. His wife was there and so was his son, Young Sam. So the picture ended and Sam just sat there. Finally, he said, "Goddamn it, I told you we needed that extra scene. Now we've got to go back." Little Sam asked his father what the matter was, so I explained to him that his father thought we needed an extra scene to explain this plot turn. Little Sam said to his father, "Oh, Papa, I understand that perfectly." Sam yelled back, "Dammit, I'm not making pictures for 8 year olds!"

Anita Loos said some terrible things in her book (*Kiss Hollywood Good-Bye*) about Sam and his studio, all of them untrue. She's a strange little dame anyway. That crowd she hung around with at the Algonquin, sitting around making spidery comments about each other. Christ, that's no way to live. Her best friend in the world is Lillian Hellman and she said some awful things about Lillian in her other memoir. Anita's problem is that she's not one of the workers; I don't think she likes or appreciates people who sweat.

I loved Gary Cooper, loved him dearly. He had this reputation of a country bumpkin, a guy who would take a nap on the set, who had to have a performance dragged out of him, that sort of thing. One day a writer came on the set to do a story on Coop; it was supposed to be a nasty story and this guy was looking to draw blood. Cooper was sitting over in a corner, dozing, waiting for the lights to be set up. This writer saw this and said to me, "How can you stand working with a guy like that — a hick who sleeps all the time and doesn't know anything about acting?" To show up this guy, I decided to take a chance.

I got the camera set for a close-up, went over to Coop and said, "Coop, hurry, I've got a beautiful light and I'm losing it; I want you to do a quick close-up." All you do is stand here, back to the camera, and then look over your shoulder. Let's go."

He said, "Who am I?"

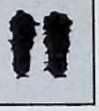
I said, "What the hell difference does it make; just look over your shoulder."

So he stood there a bit, thought about it, then turned around, looked at me and said, "Well, do I like them?" That was Coop.

Shortly after that, I had a fight with Frank Freeman at Paramount and I walked off the lot. The next day, my agent told me that they wanted me to do a picture over at Fox: **Johnny Apollo**. I stayed for twenty years.

Without a shadow of a doubt, Darryl Zanuck was the finest filmmaker in the movies. When he started that company, MGM and Paramount were the main tent and he was running a sideshow. All he had was the Ritz Brothers and Shirley Temple; he always had to scrounge around for actors. But he built and he built and he built.

Last Tango in Paris did enormous business, and after seeing it there must be two million more people who won't go to any more movies. I think **Last Tango** was pornographic, but it had some beautiful camerawork and some semblance of a reasonable plot: that sex without commitment fails. But we said that almost fifty years ago in **The Way of All Flesh**, when Jannings leaves his wife for Phyllis Haver, and Von Sternberg didn't have to show Jannings fucking anyone to get the point across.



Sure, he made a lot of junk; but when he became a respected producer and could get the people he wanted, look at the films he made: **The Grapes of Wrath**, **Gentleman's Agreement**. ...

I'll tell you what kind of man Darryl is. I went to the first preview of **Grapes of Wrath**. Without exaggeration, fully fifty percent of the audience got up and left the theatre. Out of about 200 cards, at least 50 said it was too long, boring, the leading lady had pimples, all sorts of derogatory things. So we all came back to the studio and were sitting around. Darryl didn't say a word. For a full hour, Darryl didn't say a word. Finally, he stood up and said, "If I don't know more about making movies than any Goddamn Friday-night audience I shouldn't be making movies. This is a masterpiece; the audience has to know before it enters the theatre that this is a masterpiece. Don't use any stills in the ads. I want woodcuts and I want them classical in style." He turned to the head of the cutting department and said, "I don't want you to change a foot of film in that picture." That took guts.

In the 20 years I worked for Darryl I never turned down one script he handed me. I made an awful lot of money — here it is all around you — while the other guys were fighting over scripts, contracts and billing. I made pictures. Some dogs, yes, but a lot of good ones too. Christ, I never even had a week off. When I went into the hospital for a cancer operation in 1950, he gave me a script to work on while I recuperated, which not too many people did after cancer operations back then. But Darryl was right about both the script and my recovery; he held up the film until I could do it. It turned out to be **The Desert Fox**.

The House on 92nd Street (1945)

People always act shocked that I did those urban documentaries. Christ, aren't Westerns documentaries? It's the same thing; you learn to work outside.

I was in-between pictures and I was in the office of the head of the script department, chewing the fat. I saw this script on the corner of the desk: "Now it Can be Told". I asked her what it was and she said, "It's an F.B.I. story." Well, that sort of stuff always intrigued me anyway, so I took it home, read it and loved it. I took it to Zanuck and asked him who was going to do it. He said, "De Rochemont was going to come in and make a cheap documentary; you'll spend more money." I said, "Why do I have to spend more money? I don't need any stars." So he said he'd call me in the morning. The next morning he called and said, "If you want to make it, make it." The picture went beautifully. De Rochemont was a wonderful man; I only saw him once during the whole picture. He was a good man, even though he tended to go overboard on material. On **13 Rue Madeleine**, there was a stack of paper three feet high on

Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten in ***Niagara****, 1953.*
"There's nothing erotic about Joe Cotten."

***How the West Was Won,* 1962.**
"That Goddamned Cinerama; a waist shot is as close as you can get."

Darryl's desk, just for that one picture. He asked me to take it home and read it, just to see if there was anything there. Well, he had a lot of fascinating stuff, characterizations and everything, but no story. So, when I decided to make the picture, I stole the plot of *The Virginian* and used it. I'd always wanted to make that story anyway.

Those documentaries are my favorites; it's the genre I like best. Most people seem to prefer my westerns, but I'm not so fond of them. They're so damn difficult. There's no proscenium arch; you're outside and you've got to create your own. You can't have a man backing in from the sidelines and saying "Stick 'em up" when you could have seen him coming for twelve miles. Just getting people in and out of scenes is hard and frustrating.

Kiss of Death (1947)

Pushing the old lady in the wheelchair down the stairs was Ben Hecht's idea and I had one fine time getting it past the censors.

When we were casting the picture, I went to New York to look for some interesting faces. I told Zanuck, "Darryl, the heavy in this picture is strange. You've got Mature opposite him and if you've got Jack Dempsey as the heavy people will expect Mature to fight him. We've got to look for something else." Now, the one thing that I fear — and I know two or three of them — are hopheads, simply because they're so un-predictable. They'll shoot you or stab you, they'll do anything. They're just like rats — a little white thing, not very big, but people are scared of them and rightfully so. They're vicious. I decided that that was what I wanted, a ratty, pale-faced little hophead.

I saw Widmark when he came in to be cast for a small part of a reporter. He had those small eyes, that high forehead and, when he got nervous, that chortling laugh. I made a test of him in the role of Tommy Udo: Darryl saw it and said "Make it."

The Black Rose (1950)

Going from reality (in those documentaries) to unreality, like **The Black Rose**, never bothered me in the least. I liked the change.

I got Jack Cardiff to shoot **The Black Rose** because he'd been working with lavish color projects like **Black Narcissus**; I choose a cameraman to go with the style I want to set for the film. Joe Macdonald did **Call Northside 777** because it was location and Joe traveled light.

Orson Welles I love, even as he irritates me. He's a very complex man and a very brilliant man with more wasted talent than anybody else in the business. I should know; I put up twenty-five percent of the money for his production of *Native Son* on the stage. I know Orson from way back. He uses and manipulates everybody he possibly can, but he's brilliant.

When we were shooting **The Black Rose** up in North Africa, he came to me and said he wanted a camera and some film to shoot a screen test. I said, "No way." He implored me; he had this girl coming over, and on and on. That night, I got a long telegram from Skouras asking to let Orson use a camera and some film for his test. The next day I didn't say a word about it until Orson came to me and asked if I had gotten the telegram. I said, "How'd you know I got a telegram?" He said, "I called Skouras." I said, "Bullshit, you sent the fucking telegram yourself and you're not getting the camera." A couple of days later he came to me and told me that the girl was due tomorrow and all he wanted was the camera. "I won't use any film, I'll just grind it." He was desperate, so I gave him the camera, he shot the test without any film, humped the dame, which was all he wanted in the first place, and sent her back to France.

Orson's stubborn as hell, too. We had this scene in a tent and we shot it and shot it and shot it. We quit for the day and we started it all over again the next morning. Finally, he came up to me and said, "Mr. Hathaway, I've done it slow, I've done it fast, I've done it sideways, I've done it backwards, I've done it loud, I've done it soft. I want to get it over with; how would you like the scene done?"

I said, "Orson, you've done it every single way except the way I've asked you to. I've got as much time as you have and I've also got stock in Eastman Kodak; the more film we use, the happier I am. I'll be here until you do it right."

He looked at me, turned around and did the scene the way I'd asked him to: perfectly and good. He's lazy, undisciplined and prodigiously talented. And at the end of the film, the son of a bitch stole every fucking thing he could lay his hands on. Costumes, guns, bows and arrows, everything. I could have stopped him, but what the hell. He needed it worse than I did. Orson is one enormous echo.

A few years later, I was in the south of France with Darryl Zanuck; Orson was in Venice, shooting, I think, **Othello**. He shows up one night in the lobby of the hotel and sends word to Zanuck that he wants to see him. Darryl knew damn well he wanted money and tried like hell to get out of seeing him, but there was no way. Darryl walks into the lobby and Orson gets down on his knees, empties all his pockets

> Among the newcomers, I think Altman is marvelously inventive; he wanders, but it usually works for him. Two pictures that totally changed filmmaking were **MASH** and Dick Lester's **Hard Days Night.** Lester has a style of never stopping, even when he should. I think that might have developed out of necessity. Those four guys [the Beatles] were so damned ugly he couldn't take a chance on a close-up. **MASH** I liked because of the irreverence of the characters for their jobs, themselves, even the picture itself. Those two men helped set a style and that's good.
>
> Truffaut I like very much; I think David Lean is a superb director. Bogdanovich is good on certain things; his locations are fine. Those flat Kansas plains made **Paper Moon** and that little Texas town put **The Last Picture Show** over. On the other hand, he has bad judgement in actors; trying to make that little thing he's with into Daisy Miller was hilarious. God Almighty couldn't have pulled that off. She's so damn coy....

"At the end of the film, the son of a bitch stole everything he could lay his hands on. Costumes, guns, bows and arrows..."

and says, "I'm broke, I'm destitute, I'm at your mercy. I need help Darryl. I've got a company in Venice and I need $75,000 to finish the picture. If you give it to me in lira, I'll sign a commitment to make a picture for $5000." So Darryl got him off his knees and took him up to the room. To make a long story short, he gave him the money. A year later, Darryl called me up and told me that they had sent the script of **Kangaroo**, that Milestone picture made in Australia, to Orson and he'd turned it down. Darryl was in a state of shock; he couldn't believe it.

And yet, with it all, we're friends, Orson and I. I admire his talent.

14 Hours (1951)

In the original version, he jumped. The week we ran the picture for Skouras, his daughter jumped out of a hospital room and committed suicide. He said, "Take that movie and burn it." Darryl didn't want to burn it, but Skouras insisted that the man be saved, so we shot a new ending; it was better the first way.

Niagara (1953)

Everybody always felt sorry for Marilyn; she wanted to be good so badly. I would have loved to have put her and Monty Clift in **Of Human Bondage**. I remember her saying to me, "I keep playing the same part over and over. I try to give something to it, but I find myself giving an imitation of Edie Adams doing an imitation of me." She was bright as hell; instinctively, native smart.

Niagara would have turned out to be a much better picture if James Mason had played the husband in it like I wanted. He has that intensity, that neurotic edge to his character. He was all set to do it, but his daughter Portland said she was sick of seeing him die in his pictures. The day after she said that, he called Zanuck and turned the part down. Joe Cotten's a good actor but he doesn't have the smoldering edge that Mason has; he's a little flat. There's nothing erotic about Joe Cotten.

Prince Valiant (1954)

I don't really care to talk about it; Zanuck's daughter had married a beach-bum surfer, Robert Jacks, who thought it'd be a swell idea to make Prince Valiant. I did it as a personal favor to Darryl. I didn't particularly care one way or the other and the picture looked it.

Legend of the Lost (1957)

The main thing that went wrong with the film — after the script — was the casting of Rossano Brazzi. He didn't have any inner quality; it was all surface. He's one of those actors who wants to be liked desperately and as a result, he can't play evil. I worked with him and worked with him and the more I worked with him the worse he got. I almost beat his brains in. It got so that he was almost sweet.

It's not a film I like to look at.

Working with bad actors is no fun; one trick I've found usually works, though: The closer you get, the better they seem. You see, a bad actor is generally a clumsy actor; he's awkward. That's why sometimes a bad actor will come off best: They get all the closeups. As proof, look at the greatest actor who ever lived: Charlie Chaplin, who used his entire body so beautifully. His feet were just as important as his hands. Duke Wayne is very good at physicalizing also.

From Hell to Texas (1958)

Darryl wanted me to go to work, and there wasn't anything around but this script, which was really rotten. But it had a good central idea, so I asked Zanuck to let me re-write it. He said, "OK, but don't take too long." So I got Wendell Mayes and did it over in two weeks.

*John Wayne, **True Grit**, 1969.*
"... a fat, one-eyed old man ..."

When it came to make the picture, they gave me Don Murray, who is not a strong actor, but an obstinate one. I played on that. I couldn't play him powerful so I played him stubborn, almost a fanatic, which he personally is anyway.

When we started shooting, he told me, "I'll never kill anybody on the screen." I said, "What do you mean; it's right here in the script." As it turned out, I had to get around a lot of things until the very end when he shoots a Mexican. He says to me, "You've got to show that man getting up." I said, "I'll show that he's alive." Two days later, when we're supposed to be wrapping up the picture, he says, "You never showed that he's alive; I'm not coming to work until you do." So I had to show this damned Mexican getting patched up on the bar.

It turned out to be a good picture, but I was really surprised when somebody showed me a book about Westerns and they said that the two best westerns of the 50s were **Shane** and **From Hell to Texas** [Hathaway refers to William Everson's *The Western*]. Christ, I didn't have anybody in it, and **Shane** had the best actress that was ever on the screen: Jean Arthur.

Seven Thieves (1960)

I wanted to have Dean Martin and William Powell and do it as a real fun caper, but the front office went crazy. Steiger was hot at the time, so they used him, but he was too heavy, too intense; Christ, it was supposed to be a fun film and Steiger is far, far from having a sense of humour. It got so overbearing the first couple of days of shooting that I went in to Buddy Adler, who was running the studio then, and told him that it wasn't working. I told Buddy that Steiger wasn't listening to me and that he should let Steiger direct the film. "Go to the projection room and look at what I've done so far; if he's wonderful, let him direct it. If he's not, tell him he'll have to do what I tell him." So they went and ran the footage. Afterwards, Steiger came over to me and said, "I'll take direction." We had to make those first few days over again. It was all right, but the chemistry between Martin and Bill Powell would have been delightful.

How the West Was Won (1962)

That Goddamned Cinerama; do you know that a waist shot is as close as you can get with that thing? And to shoot that, I had to crawl up on top of the camera and look down. Because of that damn 180-degree area that was being photographed, there was no place I could stand and watch the actors and not be in the shot. I got sick of it, so I shot it in 80mm and had them split the film into three pieces. From that, George Stevens shot **The Greatest Story Ever Told** in 80mm, in one piece, which

they later called Ultra Panavision.

Cinerama was a joke anyway; Christ, I cut the film in 35mm and most of it was framed for 35mm. It was nothing but a big window display.

I laid out that film; it was my conception to break it up into four sections. I shot "The Rivers" and "The Plains" and then I had to re-shoot most of George Marshall's stuff, "The Trains". I didn't touch Ford's Civil War stuff even though it looked a little stagey. He shot the whole sequence on a sound stage and it was no good, frankly. It needed air. He brought everything in too close; he had Sherman and Grant talking strategy so close to the front lines that the pickets could easily have heard them. It looked shabby.

It was the most expensive film I've ever made: nearly 10 million dollars. Last time I looked, it had grossed 36 million.

Of Human Bondage (1964)

I quit on the first day, on the first scene. The first stuff we were going to shoot was in this tea shop. I leaned over to give Novak some preliminary instruction and, before I could say anything, she said, "Would you give Larry [Harvey] a cushion? I don't want to have to look down so far." I started counting. Then she said something else. Finally, I said, "Don't you think you need some help with this scene?" She said, "No." So I said, "Obviously, you don't need me." So I left. Bryan Forbes, who was sort of going with Kim at the time, took it over. I offered to pay him my salary if he'd take the picture, just so I could get the hell out of there. He wouldn't take it, even though it wouldn't have done him much good because he only lasted four days and then they brought in Ken Hughes.

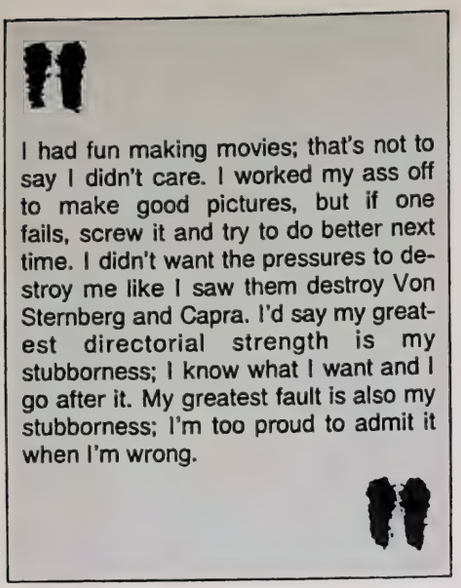
The Sons of Katie Elder (1965)

There, Hal Wallis gave me leeway that other directors wouldn't get. You remember the sequence of the shoot-out under the bridge, with the roots of this large tree as shelter and the light streaming through the bridge planks? Well, that scene was supposed to take place up in the rocks, with all these men bobbing around plunking away at each other. Well, Christ, you can see that on any TV show; I moved it to under this bridge we found outside Durango, where we shot the picture.

Directing action like that is difficult, setting up spatial relationships and such. You'd be surprised how lost some directors can get when they lose their proscenium arch. The trick is to have the audience know where each character is and to shoot it so they can keep it straight. I work it out on paper with diagrams before I start shooting. It works for me.

True Grit (1969)

I told Hal Wallis at the beginning that I wanted to make it a fairy tale. I looked for weeks, literally, for that natural arena surrounded by aspen trees where the final shoot-out takes place. I shot it from up high on purpose, so it'd look like a bullring, with knights jousting. Mixed metaphors, I know, but it worked. It was a fantasy that I couched in as realistic terms as possible.



I had fun making movies; that's not to say I didn't care. I worked my ass off to make good pictures, but if one fails, screw it and try to do better next time. I didn't want the pressures to destroy me like I saw them destroy Von Sternberg and Capra. I'd say my greatest directorial strength is my stubborness; I know what I want and I go after it. My greatest fault is also my stubborness; I'm too proud to admit it when I'm wrong.

It's funny; **True Grit** was an enormous hit and I love it myself. But I didn't feel the film was that wildly promising while I was shooting it. You knever really know if you've got a smash or not; what you do know is that you've got a chance on a good picture. Wayne and I both knew that this was a marvelous chance for him to establish himself as a character actor, a "..fat, one-eyed old man.."

The only trouble I ever had with an actress, outside of Dumb Novak, was that little girl, Kim Darby. She went on the Carson show and said she'd rather be a prostitute than work with me again, which I thought was a bit rash. Later, she cried and apologised. My problem with her was simple. She's not a very attractive girl and she's not a particularly well-coordinated girl, so her book of tricks consisted mostly of being a little cute. All through the film I had to stop her from acting funny, doing bits of business and so forth.

Glen Campbell was so damn lazy, he wanted to sit up all night and play the guitar with all the teenie-boppers and then sleep on the set. He was too successful too soon. Hal Wallis is a pigeon for signing up these popular singers and shoving them down some poor bastard's throat. When he put out the second picture with Campbell, **Norwood** [Dir. Jack Haley Jr.], and there was no director to speak of to stay on his ass, well... I'm sure they had a lot of fun. No picture, but a lot of fun.

You know, I have a reputation for being tough. But, you've got to have discipline. It's like a father with a big family. What do you do if a kid gets out of line? You've got to whip him or pretty soon all the kids are wild. Well, making a picture involves a mighty big family and there's a lot of money involved, so I don't let things get very far out of line.

I love Old Duke; I'd do anything for him. I was supposed to do **McLintock**, until Mike Wayne, the producer, refused to pay my salary; they wanted a cheaper picture, so they got Andy McLaglen, although I know for a fact that Duke directed most of it. That's been the problem with most of Duke's pictures lately; he's been listening to his son instead of his instincts. **McQ**, **Cahill**, the new one, **Brannigan** ... the accounting office made all those pictures, not any directors.

I also love the character of Rooster Cogburn; it's just that physically I don't feel I'm up to climbing mountains and if I can't do the job the right way, I'd rather not do it. That's why I turned down the sequel they're shooting now. They offered it to me first, then Lamont Johnson, who turned it down in order to do **McArthur**. Finally, this guy [Stuart] Millar got it. I hope he doesn't botch it.

Airport (1970)

I shot all the exteriors. George [Seaton] never went on location at all, mainly because he got sick. I never took a nickel. I was in Minneapolis for five weeks, shooting every night, all night long. Seaton is a wonderful man and besides, I didn't want to charge them for what I make on a picture. And I sure as hell wasn't going to take a second unit salary, so I did it for nothing. They offered to buy me a car and send me to Europe, but I've got a car and I've been to Europe. What the hell.

Raid on Rommel (1971)

I don't really know why I did that; it looked like it might be fun. They let me make it in twenty days (I didn't need the money, but Burton did). We had that marvelous stock footage from **Tobruk**, and the challenge of making a picture out of nothing after all those years since the Zane Grey stuff at Paramount intrigued me. It didn't work. I liked Burton; never drank a drop, although Taylor, who was down there most of the time, did.

Shootout (1972)

Do you remember **The Champ**? Well, that's what I wanted to do in a Western setting. I had originally wanted to make it with Coop, but he got sick and died. But I had this story that I wanted badly to make. I would have loved to do it with Ben Johnson; he could have captured that lovely relationship between the little girl and the man that the whole film revolved around.

So, finally, I decided to do it with Hal [Wallis], figuring he was my friend. When I got back from scouting locations, he hit me right between the eyes with a couple of beauties. First, they got Gregory Peck, of all people. Worst son of a bitch in the world for the picture. He's such a cold, indifferent actor; he has no love in him. Then there were the heavies. I had wanted the three villains to be 15 or 16 year-old punks. Shit, when I came back I had three 30-year-olds. Delinquents shooting off guns would've been a lot more dangerous and a lot less silly. It spoiled the whole thing for me.

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Kim at the time, took it over. I offered to pay him my salary if he'd take the picture, just so I could get the hell out of there. He wouldn't take it, even though it wouldn't have done him much good because he only lasted four days and then they brought in Ken Hughes.

The Sons of Katie Elder (1965)

There, Hal Wallis gave me leeway that other directors wouldn't get. You remember the sequence of the shoot-out under the bridge, with the roots of this large tree as shelter and the light streaming through the bridge planks? Well, that scene was supposed to take place up in the rocks, with all these men bobbing around plunking away at each other. Well, Christ, you can see that on any TV show; I moved it to under this bridge we found outside Durango, where we shot the picture.

Directing action like that is difficult, setting up spatial relationships and such. You'd be surprised how lost some directors can get when they lose their proscenium arch. The trick is to have the audience know where each character is and to shoot it so they can keep it straight. I work it out on paper with diagrams before I start shooting. It works for me.

True Grit (1969)

I told Hal Wallis at the beginning that I wanted to make it a fairy tale. I looked for weeks, literally, for that natural arena surrounded by aspen trees where the final shoot-out takes place. I shot it from up

The only trouble I ever had with an actress, outside of Dumb Novak, was that little girl, Kim Darby. She went on the Carson show and said she'd rather be a prostitute than work with me again, which I thought was a bit rash. Later, she cried and apologised. My problem with her was simple. She's not a very attractive girl and she's not a particularly well-coordinated girl, so her book of tricks consisted mostly of being a little cute. All through the film I had to stop her from acting funny, doing bits of business and so forth.

Glen Campbell was so damn lazy, he wanted to sit up all night and play the guitar with all the teenie-boppers and then sleep on the set. He was too successful too soon. Hal Wallis is a pigeon for signing up these popular singers and shoving them down some poor bastard's throat. When he put out the second picture with Campbell, **Norwood** [Dir. Jack Haley Jr.], and there was no director to speak of to stay on his ass, well... I'm sure they had a lot of fun. No picture, but a lot of fun.

You know, I have a reputation for being tough. But, you've got to have discipline. It's like a father with a big family. What do you do if a kid gets out of line? You've got to whip him or pretty soon all the kids are wild. Well, making a picture involves a mighty big family and there's a lot of money involved, so I don't let things get very far out of line.

I love Old Duke; I'd do anything for him. I was supposed to do **McLintock**, un-

I don't really know why I did that, it looked like it might be fun. They let me make it in twenty days (I didn't need the money, but Burton did). We had that marvelous stock footage from **Tobruk**, and the challenge of making a picture out of nothing after all those years since the Zane Grey stuff at Paramount intrigued me. It didn't work. I liked Burton; never drank a drop, although Taylor, who was down there most of the time, did.

Shootout (1972)

Do you remember **The Champ**? Well, that's what I wanted to do in a Western setting. I had originally wanted to make it with Coop, but he got sick and died. But I had this story that I wanted badly to make. I would have loved to do it with Ben Johnson; he could have captured that lovely relationship between the little girl and the man that the whole film revolved around.

So, finally, I decided to do it with Hal [Wallis], figuring he was my friend. When I got back from scouting locations, he hit me right between the eyes with a couple of beauties. First, they got Gregory Peck, of all people. Worst son of a bitch in the world for the picture. He's such a cold, indifferent actor; he has no love in him. Then there were the heavies. I had wanted the three villains to be 15 or 16 year-old punks. Shit, when I came back I had three 30-year-olds. Delinquents shooting off guns would've been a lot more dangerous and a lot less silly. It spoiled the whole thing for me.

END

The Pros and Con of Take One

Big-time critic though he may be, TAKE ONE columnist Jay Cocks still prefers we not publish his photo. He asked friend Chuck Jones to send along this drawing of namesake Michigan J. Frog instead.

TAKE ONE contributor Albert Nussbaum back in 1962, when the FBI was looking for him. They described him as "an intelligent young man" and "an avid chess player" with an "engaging smile".

The pros: super-knowledgeable contributors like critics Jay Cocks and Herman Weinberg, filmmakers Gideon Bachmann, David Helpern, Joe Adamson and Bob Cowan — people whose lives revolve around the creation of film.

The con: Albert Nussbaum, #81332-132, United States Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois.

A writer of some distinction, Nussbaum's stories have been anthologized in three Mystery Writers of America annuals and many other collections. Unhappily for him, however, Nussbaum made, as he phrases it ".. several unauthorized withdrawals from federally insured banks.."

Happily for TAKE ONE readers, Nussbaum now has the time to research and write insightful articles on many esoteric aspects of the cinema.

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Godard & Me
Jean-Pierre Gorin Talks

With Jean-Luc and me, it was a love story; we were deeply in love with each other, with no shame, no guilt. It was a very deep, involved, sexual thing.

By Martin Walsh

I've entitled what follows "Jean-Pierre Gorin Talks" in order to make clear that it isn't strictly an interview, although I've constructed the text that follows as one. But that construction came about long after the event itself, and its shape, substance and sequence is principally the result of my reading of sixty pages of tape transcript — a condensation, a collage of that raw material.

The occasion was this: in November '74 Gorin came to Canada for a two-week trip through various universities, and the trip commenced here, in London, at the University of Western Ontario. It was the first time Gorin had made a public appearance since he and Godard first toured with **Tout Va Bien** in 1972. And it was the first time he had seen the film since then.

I have had a passionate interest in Godard's and Godard Gorin's work since the mid-sixties, and I spent most of my spare time in the couple of weeks preceding Gorin's arrival preparing myself for a taut, testing interview with a political intellectual. But as soon as I met him at the train, it was clear that many changes had occurred: gone was the hard rhetoric, the specifically political orientation (the politics are still there, but subterranean). The next twenty-four hours was a welter of words, on almost every subject. We sat up half the night talking of the Canadian north, Jean-Pierre impulsively deciding to make a film there (it hasn't materialised, of course). We listened to much music — rock, jazz, and African ethnic — and discussed poster art, cooking, the Sahara, Mexico — so much outside the narrow realm I had prepared myself for. So the prepared interview never happened. Much of what I had prepared was clearly irrelevant to the Gorin that confronted me — as his immediate dismissal of **Tout Va Bien**'s Brechtism makes clear. His passage through the past two years has been a varied one, culminating in several months with a group of Mexican anthropologists researching witchcraft in the Mexican bushlands.

Indeed, the notion of witchcraft absorbs much of his thinking now — he speaks of himself as Godard's apprentice, of himself as somehow taking over from Godard, rather than just learning from him. Whether this is the case, of course, only time will tell. But if energy is anything to go by, Gorin may yet produce work to astound us — if he can raise the money to do so. In any event, his presence here was completely absorbing; his openness, friendliness — his charm, ultimately — won all who heard him, though I'm aware now of certain inconsistencies in what he said, of points at which his ego won out over modesty. The student paper, the next week, symptomatically headlined its coverage of his visit "The Bob Dylan of Film?"

Anyway — my planned interview didn't take place. What did happen was this. We screened **Tout Va Bien**, to maybe 150 people (a good crowd for U.W.O.), then Gorin talked, answered questions for about an hour. The following morning he talked for two hours to a class of about 45 students — very informal, easy, relaxed. So this three hours of talk, when transcribed, came out to about sixty pages — repetitive in places, often talking about one idea at several points, expanding, recapitulating, and so on. What I have done, essentially, is offer *my* reading of what he said. I have, obviously, omitted much; I have trimmed, I have drawn several separate statements together as if they were one, I have invented some of the questions (partly because many of the questions were not audible on the tapes). But I believe this is an accurate and economical representation of what was said by this extraordinary man whose capacity for change surprised us all, a change encapsulated perhaps in these words, offered after the screening of **Tout Va Bien**:

> "I'm a Nietzschean-Marxist. That's all I am. And I'm certainly more Nietzschean than Marxist."
>
> *Martin Walsh.*

*When you and Jean-Luc Godard first toured with **Tout Va Bien** in 1972, you were making claims for the film that located it very firmly within a Brechtian tradition of political aesthetics; you spoke of it as commencing a period of 'materialist fiction', as marking a new beginning for a certain kind of cinema. Do you still see it the same way now?*

Gorin: I like the humour in it. I was amazed because I was less bored than the last time I saw it. Now it seems to me to be a film *about* boredom, rather than a boring film about politics. There is

You are exchanging one dollar or two dollars for a quarter-million-dollar dream, which is the basic trick in movies.

one approach in that film that I'm not going to deal with anymore: I'm no longer a Brechtian. The very idea of trying to think through the lenses of a guy who was thinking in the thirties seems to me, now, extraordinarily backward. What kind of madness tries to delay time and space and history? I'm hardly even a Marxist anymore, so it opens my space a little.

You mean, therefore, it opens the way you see the film tonight; in what way is it different than seeing it two years ago?

Gorin: Two years ago it was like putting the mirror in front of the reality and being disturbed because people wouldn't accept that kind of reflection or wouldn't be able to deal with it. **Tout Va Bien** was quoted by one of the top Gaullist guys in a TV show just before the elections, as demonstrating what some mad leftists could do and want to do to this beautiful country. It was kind of frightening in a way.

If I think of the four or five years I spent with Jean-Luc, there is obviously a failure. What we really wanted was first to do films, the two of us together, and then to do cheap films. To do films which would, when you see them, give you an idea that you could do the same thing with the same principles and adapt them to your own situation. If you show a film which is done only with stationary shot and tracking shot, or if you do a film like **Letter to Jane**, you say to the people, "Use three stills and make a film." You don't need to be in the big Hollywood spirit to do it and you can do a $2 film if you want to do a $2 film. The only thing you have to know is that it is going to be a $2 film in terms of aesthetics. With $2 you just can put the camera this way and that's all. But basically people have not got at all into that. Constantly we've been coded as authors and we've been coded as really having very elitist practices.

And yet **Tout Va Bien** is a very minimal film. It works on two camera moves — the lateral tracking shot and the stationary shot. The people who have a super-eight camera shoot their granny's dinner or baby's breakfast, and they all use the same type of approach, which is the stationary shot. Around 1969 we decided to work this way, which was a way to say that Jean-Luc, me, Straub, etc. are not the people who make a fortune. **Tout Va Bien** was like making a home-movie in 35mm worth a quarter of a million dollars, which was rather preposterous. We were also very interested in verbal language: all the talking you keep hearing on the sound track is quotation. It's like the huge segments of quoted phrases in which our lives are trapped and to which we submit constantly; and we don't even take the time to listen to them. So that the thing *we* were trying to do was to repeat those things together and to create certain spaces in which people would have the possibility to reflect. And it's a film which tries to make people aware that they are in the movie theatre, and their ass on such and such a piece of material and looking at the movie they have paid for. You are exchanging one dollar or two dollars for a quarter-million-dollar dream, which is the basic trick in movies.

Do you feel dissatisfied with what you did during '68 — this occurred to me during Yves Montand's monologue about the nature and limitations of his involvement with the May events.

Gorin: No, there's no problem of being satisfied or dissatisfied. I think that that part of Montand's was really a joke. I wrote it because I wanted people to be trapped in it, which happened in France. Everyone said that Jean-Luc had written it and that made Jean-Luc furious. It's not him at all. So you get more or less trapped in the monologue by the fact that it's spoken by Montand. It may be Godard, you assume it might be you, and it shifts between three poles all the time. But the most personal thing there is in the movie in that sense, in terms of things said, is Jane's monologue, which was mainly my experience when I was working for that newspaper [*Le Monde*] and getting sick to my stomach to be obliged to write something in a certain form and not finding any way to fight it, other than being lazy. That kind of despondency that you have when you can't find your own wave of expression. This whole film is about that. It's about the people who can't find that.

In what ways did you and Jean-Luc find your 'own wave of expression' in ***Tout Va Bien****? Most critics seized on the film's political dimensions, but few seem to have discussed its visual brilliance.*

Gorin: Every shot of this film — this was a shooting without any hazard or without any surprises because every shot was totally drawn beforehand. I mean, we really knew exactly where the camera was going to be. We really thought in terms of shapes and surfaces and relationships between shapes and surfaces. It's a very composed movie, almost like stills. We did a lot of work on the colours, on the lighting; on getting back to a very classical type of lighting, those images totally in focus at every point which we don't see anymore because people zoom around with their camera so you get that kind of flatness and heaviness of the whole frame. Also the work in the acting. I mean, if you take the workers — all of those guys are rediscovering ways to act which were current in France in the 30s. There's a guy acting like Jean Gabin and there's a girl acting like Arletty, and another guy who acts like in a film by Vigo, and all that creates an ethical position between their type of acting and the type of acting that Jane and Yves both do. And of course film is a relationship between sound and image; and we are working on that dialectic and taking the problem the other way around from the way that most people are taking it. Most people put an order of value on it: 'Film is image.' We don't know if film is image or not, and we're going to start by saying film is just as much image as it is sound, and to do that and to make it perceptible, we are going to start from the sound track, we are going to overcrowd the sound track and we're going to skip the image. So the soundtrack of **Tout Va Bien** is very complex, but in a 16mm print it becomes blurred. You don't perceive the film exactly as it was done. And that's a big problem. Sound is technically the thing which in the last twenty years has advanced the most, basically because it started from the literary search. You have this fantastic Nagra to tape sound. But when you go from magnetic to optical you lose a lot because the device is totally archaic. You lose fifty per cent of the sound. So, in a sense, sound film does not exist then. The complexity of the sound track, the different levels of the sound track, the way music can enter words, and words and noises can melt together, all that thing is lost. The thing we intended to prove, and it's not proven by this film, is that the politics may be a short trip to poetics which people are not ready to accept.

How did you find working with Fonda and Montand?

Gorin: It was a fun film to make because we were dealing with big stars. I mean, it was the first time I had approached a big star like Yves Montand or Jane Fonda. And the thing was that, obviously, in the film they were *not* the stars. The stars were the twenty extras which were paid twenty bucks to play the workers and who really enjoyed themselves a lot. There is a lot of material that we haven't put in the film where they were doing absolutely incredible things, totally incredible things. And we were trapped by our will to do stationary shots because the most incredible things were happening on the right side and the left side of the camera. At one point, I mean, neither Jane nor Yves knew what they

I'm no longer a Brechtian. The very idea of trying to think through the lenses of a guy who was thinking in the thirties seems to me, now, extraordinarily backward.

were doing in that film. It was a heavy problem for them to be doing the whole factory sequence, because they're not the centre of attention. I mean, they're on the doorstep and that's forty minutes of this film. So that was very difficult to deal with.

Was the supermarket sequence inspired by the ending of Tashlin's ***The Disorderly Orderly****? That also was in a supermarket, and Jerry Lewis just destroyed it.*

Gorin: Well, I didn't consciously make that precise connection; the supermarket scene is a travelling shot, and is a pure homage to Jean-Luc by me, and it's not as good as many of his travellings, but it's not too bad. That travelling was done right on the spot. I'd cancelled the scene twice. First we had to lie to the guys; we told them, "Well, we're making some kind of Jerry Lewis movie. People are going to have a quarrel in the supermarket." And they said, "Well, that's great. Let's do that." So there we were in the supermarket — and no ideas, nothing. That huge space, two square miles of goods and 1000 people. Basically body builders. We had grabbed a whole staff of black body builders, and big guys like that. All around us saying, "What are you going to do?" And finally, wandering in that supermarket with Jean-Luc, we saw that long line of cashiers and we had no rails to do the tracking shot so we just improvised it. Right there. In three hours. And pushing the camera. That was really tough work. And it could have been better if we had two thousand people, the whole scene would have been a riot. But the scene was very funny to deal with because the guys who were playing the leftists were friends of ours. They were having a ball. And the guys who were playing the cops were extras paid 20 bucks a day. They were really not having a ball. I know. At one point a guy came to me — an old guy, and he was 65 or 70, I don't know — but he really looked worn out. And he had a big bruise on his helmet, and said, "For 20 bucks I can't accept receiving pineapple cans. Please tell them not to throw them." And it was a total riot. And the girls at the cash were absolutely amazed, because that was their job everyday, to see these punks rioting all over.

I don't know the technical aspects but what happens to the colour in that sequence? It has a very strange quality. Is it filters or...

Gorin: No, there is a trick in the film which you don't see at all in the 16mm print. Which is that gradually the film goes from a super-traditionally lit set, to vérité shooting without banks of special lights. I mean the light at the beginning of the film is an approximation of the light which was used in the films of the late forties, late thirties. The most crucial and 'realistic' issues are reached in the beginning — the whole strike context. And O.K., at that point we use theatre, we use distanciation and we use that cut factory with the tracking shots and all that. And the film slowly goes into reality and goes back to no lighting at all. So the sequence in the supermarket is not lit by anything. It's just the neon light. And the neon light gives that type of aquarium kind of light. Like seeing fishes. And of course the last tracking shot sums up all the film — the slum landscape with that incredible song. You pass along the wall, and on the soundtrack you have the three principle sounds of the film — the leftist sound, the Communist Party sound, the boss sound. They are like sound vignettes stamped on that bare wall. And then you get back into landscape again. That's the summary of the film. It's a film done on a number of sounds and the way they interact with each other.

In all of Jean-Luc's films there are restatements and modifications of scenes from his earlier films. And it seems to me that in ***Tout Va Bien*** *I want to make all kinds of connections to* ***Weekend****, to* ***Pierrot le Fou****, to* ***La Chinoise****, to* ***Deux ou Trois Choses que je Sais d'Elle****. For instance Fonda and Montand's roles here are in one sense a reprise of Seberg and Belmondo's in* ***A Bout de Souffle****, it's a kind of rebirth of that. And the opening of* ***Tout Va Bien*** *is a negation or a reworking of the opening of* ***Le Mépris****.*

Gorin: Yes, that's true. The opening of **Le Mépris** was something forced onto Jean-Luc. The producers saw **Le Mépris** and said, "Well, ... you haven't got enough ass in it." So Jean-Luc said: "O.K. You want ass in it. You're going to get it." And he made that sequence where she's lying on the bed and she's saying, "Do you love my ass? Do you love my mouth? Do you love my etc?" So we took it with two dressed people and it plays on the fact that it goes with the same kind of phony voice to depict love that stars can use. And she goes into: "I love your balls and I love your knees and I love your big hairy feet." And it gets totally crazy. And it's total parody. To a point where it becomes a little freaky, to be so "Godardian" about everything — you no longer know how to take it.

Why are you no longer working with Jean-Luc?

Gorin: With Jean-Luc and me, it was a love story; we really were deeply in love with each other, with no shame, no guilt. It was a very deep, involved, sexual thing. We played on our fear and neuroses. It was something which went far beyond movies, and that's why it was effective. What happened is that we really worked together for five years thirteen hours a day, which is absolutely enormous. You don't get together saying "Look, ah, we're going to do that masterpiece together," but rather, you get into a process which is absolutely, totally, out of control. But when you work in those conditions there comes a point where you're strangling yourself, you just want to breathe and take some air. So Jean-Luc is more and more into very theoretical, rhetorical film, and working in video.

He's trying to achieve what he's been trying to achieve all his life long, which is to be able to do diaries. All Jean-Luc films are done for a certain ten minutes in them (like **Weekend**, which was made for the long traffic jam sequence), and he's obliged to fill up the middle with something else just to get the normal length, which is one hour and a half. And now he's going to be able to make those ten minute films and to link them together. He's more interested in that than in anything else.

What happened to Jean-Luc's project of making that huge film on France which was going to run for 10 hours or 3 days or something?

Gorin: Sometimes we wrote treatments — ten pages of total bullshit. Just having fun writing ten pages together only to raise money and being absolutely sure that we'd never make the film, that we'd have the money and that we could go to the beach with it, buy equipment with it and do a small film. And **Communications** was that kind of project. The fact that it was supposed to be a 24 hour film done by twenty people was to make the dish look more brilliant, but finally nothing really came out of it. That's also the time in Jean-Luc's life when he started at least (that's before we started working as the Dziga Vertov group) three projects which never came through — **Communications**, he started a film in Cuba, and he made a film in the States called **One American Movie**, which was shot by Leacock and Pennebaker, and was such a piece of shit we finally decided not to finish it. And Pennebaker made a version of it [**One P.M.**]. It was a piece of shit in the sense that the relationship between Jean-Luc and Pennebaker was absolutely non-existent. Leacock and Pennebaker

All Jean-Luc films are done for a certain ten minutes in them, and he's obliged to fill up the middle with something else just to get the normal length.

just did *their* thing, zooming and running around, and Jean-Luc just wanted stationary shots. And it's very strange when you see **One P.M.** because you see Jean-Luc as a zombie on one corner of the screen, being totally unable to grasp those mad monkeys. So the film failed.

What about the films which followed?

Gorin: There was a lot of commitment behind the films we did between 1969 and 1972, a refusal to do classical psychological narrative, and that caused problems. The nine films which we made were mainly sponsored by T.V., 'carte-blanche' given to Jean-Luc and me to do whatever we wanted. That was the case with British T.V., with German T.V. And they all refused to show the films; they banned the films, but not on overt political grounds. Rather, the politics was in another cake. And the cake was: "This is not cinema. You don't know what a film is; you don't know what film is about; you don't know how to take pictures from the beginning with the beautiful fiction which is like the Bible;" and in the end you admit that. The only thing I can say is a political film is a film which disconnects the normal links of reality, which suddenly breaks the world apart and gives you space where suddenly you can think and breathe and deal with the element. And the television bosses just weren't ready for that new space.

***Tout Va Bien** is explicitly by Jean-Luc and yourself, where the earlier films were credited to the group. Did the larger collective notion not work as you'd hoped?*

Gorin: Well, take **Wind from the East**, which was a project after 1968. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, called Danny the Red, was heavily into Westerns, like the Sergio Leone type of thing. He wanted to do a western so he wrote a vague treatment and the money was raised on the pure media star basis of Jean-Luc, Danny the Red, and Gian Maria Volonte — names being put together that might do a film. So we got 19 million liras to do the film and we did the film for 10 million and we gave away 8 million to political groups and people who were doing interesting things like that. It turned out that all those political groups were mainly managed by crooks who bought themselves, you know, famous paintings ... one guy opened a transvestite bar in Milan. There were twenty-nine people making the script collectively and after two days, three-quarters of those guys were at the beach and Jean-Luc and I were alone doing that film which took us six months to put together. But the main thing we've been facing is the total unwillingness of people to get into any cinema of analysis, I mean, any cinema which will flatten down all fictional elements and just try to reflect on the combinations of two or three elements. There is nothing more abstract than film; abstraction, *per se*, is not a guilt, it's not something that dooms you; you need, you can use that abstraction to go back into your life; you can use it as a tool. And that's what we were trying to do. And that's what people were not really ready to accept. Maybe they were right. I'm not as sure as I was four years ago, when we had very definite ideas of love and respect for political cinema.

So now you're moving into a new cinematic space?

Gorin: Yes, I want to get into something purely fictional, science fiction. The kind of thing William Burroughs does in literature. Do you know Ishmael Reed? She's a black writer, incredibly powerful, incredibly good; wrote a book called *Mumbo Jumbo*, in which there's a beautiful quote which says that science fiction films could be the only really political films ever made.

There's a way of doing science fiction as a kind of satire. Are you going to do that kind of thing?

Gorin: Yeah, kind of. There's a lot of fantasy in the book I'm working on. But there's a problem, because I started, years back, writing poetry, things like that. And when I'm writing there is a point when writing gets its own specificity. Whether it's good or bad, but it's a physical feeling. I mean, you know when you've written a page which really holds itself without any value judgment. And when we get to writing for films, this is a trap, because when you've reached that specificity there is no point in filming it. But if you take really bad science fiction, I mean, that's a treat and it's full of hope; you can do whatever you want. There's a lot of visual things that you can build. So one of the problems I've had was not to do the writing all myself, to let others shape it. And in the meantime I've been into seeing a lot of B movies and a lot of science fiction movies of the fifties, you know, the McCarthy type movies. And I've discovered that's the type of movie that really appeals to me much more than any so-called masterpiece because there are flaws in them, you can cross them, you can sleep if you want to and then come back and that's another story. That's a good thing. **Tout Va Bien** is like that.

I really discovered nice films like **Two Thousand Maniacs** and **Pussycat Kill Kill**. They're really something. The greatest filmmaker in the States I know is Russ Meyer. He's a total schizoid. He does his editing absolutely on energy waves and at some points you can't even hear the dialogue. And the dialogue is so phony that you just have small segments of very stock phrases which come into your head and it's absolutely hilarious. **Beyond the Valley of the Dolls** is a fantastic film and it's interesting. Gives you so many ideas.

I was reading about big catastrophe films, like **Earthquake**, so we wrote a script called **The Rise and Fall of the American Dollar**. It took five minutes on film. And it's only one shot. It's a huge accident. Started with a small thing like a dog biting a leg. We'll never be able to do it. It was a film that was supposed to use as many stars as possible from George C. Scott to Linda Lovelace. It's a very funny script. I played with a series of scripts like that.

But I don't think you'll get back into low budgets. All the hopes we had in '68 for an alternative distribution system really failed — fell through — and we're back into a situation where the money goes to big productions or medium low productions with name stars. And that implies the traditional type of fiction and the traditional type of narrative. When you are a filmmaker you discover at one point that you *don't* do the films — which is the beginning of **Tout Va Bien**; I mean, the ones who really ultimately do the films are the distributors who tell you: "Well, if you want the money, you need to have such and such names, you need to have such and such type of narrative." And from that moment on you're allowed to fool around in a certain area which is defined; beyond you, or somewhere else. But I can handle that now. I'd like to get Al Pacino for my film, and I think the time is right for fiction once again, at least for me.

The way I relate to life and to politics is I need tales, I need tales to be told about the life I live. But at the same time each tale, when the tale is told, is like a big laughter coming out of it. Because the thing I'm interested in is the part where the tale breaks. What I have said about my life — and because I have said that, because I have progressed through that — suddenly reveals itself as totally irrelevant. And then I'm obliged to build a new tale and say, "Well, no, that wasn't that. Let's put the pawns of the game in another order."

So what's the biggest change in your life since 1972?

Gorin: I'm not serious anymore. Which means that I'm more serious than I was. And more playful. Want some tap dance?

END

America's Favorite Mis

The panting, helpless female character found in many foreign films did not suit Doris Day...

Several years ago I attended a get-together at a friend's house to watch the Saturday Night Movie on TV. Though the title of the film we saw escapes me, I distinctly recall a trailer for **The Glass Bottom Boat** that was shown between commercials. In **Boat**, space-ager Rod Taylor owns an electronically-propelled vacuum cleaner that automatically cleans up any crumbs that are dropped in the kitchen. When a cake Doris Day is baking is reduced to a cinder in a micro-wave oven and "ejected" to the floor, the machine dashes out of hiding to beat her in picking up the mess. As they struggle, the suction hose of the contraption begins to "explore" up Doris' leg. This brought waves of laughter from the group. One guest saw his chance and muttered, "That's probably the closest she ever came to getting laid in her life." More laughter. I sneered. Haven't seen the schlemiels since.

The movie-going public has always found great comfort in clinging to prefabricated images of screen personalities. John Wayne has his Alamo, Julie Andrews has her spoonful of sugar to bear, and Doris Day — well, what *does* Doris Day have, aside from a synthetic veneer as a freckle-speckled goody two shoes, an animated daisy playing mother to the world's lost dogs, a "professional" virgin? Though she has proven to be one of the most popular and durable actresses of our pop-cultured society, she is virtually ignored or given only brief, left-handed references in film courses and their history books. She is taken lightly, if at all. When her long-running television series premiered on CBS, Rex Reed summed it up by saying. "Everything is so icky-poo sweet and jim dandy confectionery you might know the sponsor would be Duncan Hines Cake Mix." Drag impressionist Craig Russell parodies her in his act by cooing cutely, "I'm Doris Day. Would you like to come by for a glass of milk and a Gainesburger after the show?" (I thought it was common knowledge that she only drinks water with her meals.)

Despite the stigma attached to her mystique, Doris Day — for many — remains one of the likeable optimistic voices of the post-war era; a natural, engaging singer and actress with a buoyant spirit and razor-sharp sensitivity. Audiences identified with her good-natured sexuality, her cheerfulness, her endorsement of middle-class American values. (In one of her last films, Doris shows her distaste for infidelity with, "Call it my cornball Yankee Doodle middle-class morality, but that's the kind of hairpin I am".) In the last gasp of cinematic innocence, the 60s, Doris Day was named top box office attraction three times before yielding her position to (significantly) Julie Andrews. Publicity played up the Day the public wanted — indeed demanded — to see: the virtuous dogooder, the non-smoking and drinking Christian Scientist, the Girl Next Door who was wild about baseball and preferred ice cream to scotch.

Yet the Doris Day of the 60s was a far cry from the young girl who entered motion pictures in 1948. The interim years were a painful series of changes as she attempted to balance a bigger-than-life career with a troubled off-screen existence. The squeaky clean façade was that of a woman trapped between her own needs and audience/studio expectations. Not only did her personal life contrast with the image that had been created, but many of her films reveal a depth of characterization (often with ironic parallels to her life) which belie that image. If she had indeed

by Kyle B. Counts

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The author wishes to gratefully acknowledge background information provided by Tedd Thomey.

understood Commodity:

Day

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a man's assistance was usually accepted begrudgingly, if at all.

asked her mother what she would be, a more prophetic answer than "Que sera, sera" might have been "America's favorite misunderstood commodity".

Those who berate Doris Day the woman for being "too good, too sweet" know little of her early career. Of the bandsinger who was married three times before she made her first film. Of the star who was roasted regularly by Louella Parsons and given both the Sour Apple and Most Un-Co-Operative Actress awards. When she went against the grain of her usual roles in films like **Love Me or Leave Me**, **Storm Warning**, and **Caprice**, critics called her performances "offbeat" and left it at that. But there were the reported romances with baseball great Maury Wills and singer Sly Stone to keep her name in the gossips, and stories about her midnight backyard skinnydipping and investigation for income tax evasion to establish a margin of doubt about the "real" Doris Day. Was she so syrupy and sunny and serene and sincere after all?

Doris Day's formative years were anything but. The daughter of Alma and Frederick Kappelhoff, she was born April 3, 1924 in a duplex house in Evanston, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. Mother Alma had theatrical ambitions (she named Doris after her favorite actress, Doris Kenyon), and dad Frederick was a professional musician who gave voice and music lessons. He wanted Doris to be a concert pianist while Alma wanted her to realize the show business aspirations she herself had wished for. The conflicting ideas on how Doris and brother Paul (who would die before his 40th birthday) should be raised created a volatile atmosphere in the Kappelhoff household. Fights over money matters added to the tensions. When Doris was 12 years old, her parents separated.

Dancing lessons further sparked Doris' interest in the arts. At a service club dancing show she met Jerry Doherty and the two hit it off so well they began to enter dance contests together. One of their ventures, a contest held at a department store, resulted in a $500 cash prize for Best Dance Team. The thought must have then struck their mothers simultaneously — get those kids to Hollywood!

On the night they were scheduled to leave, Jerry and Doris drove off with friends to get hamburgers. Minutes later they were side-swiped by another vehicle, leaving their car a twisted, mangled ruin. Though everyone else sustained only minor cuts and bruises, Doris' leg was badly crushed, leaving doubt in her doctor's mind as to whether she would ever walk — let alone dance — again. It was a long and painful period of rehabilitation for Doris, a girl used to baseball and jitterbugging. A steel pin had been inserted into her heel to help the bones mend, and for months she lay in her bed at home, shattered over her missed chance at Hollywood stardom, and getting pudgy from lack of activity.

When at last the bones were healed, and the cast was removed, Doris' enthusiasm got the best of her. "Dancing" to a radio rendition of "Tea for Two" while still on crutches, she lost her balance and fell, breaking her leg again. At the time of her 15th birthday, she had been in a cast for 18 months. This radical change of lifestyle left her sullen, overweight, and afraid to face her friends. She quit school. Her mother knew she had to try and uplift Doris' spirits, so she arranged to have voice teacher Grace Raine give her singing lessons. With the aid of her training, Doris secured a job singing at Charlie Yee's Shanghai Inn in Cincinnati — still on crutches. This led to a successful audition for bandleader Barney Rapp, who insisted Doris change her last name for billing purposes. "LaPonselle" and "Marmaduke" were suggested, but it wasn't until Rapp heard her sing "Day After Day" that he found the right surname for his new star.

All this time, Alma had been Doris'

Publicity played up the Day the public wanted — indeed demanded — to see: the virtuous do-gooder ... the Girl Next Door ...

confidant and chaperone, sitting quietly at each personal appearance and driving her home at the end of the work day. But soon she grew weary of the night owl hours and asked one of the band's trombonists, Al Jorden, to take over for her. Soon afterwards Doris was completely on her own in New York, earning $175 weekly at the Strand Theater. Between rehearsals and singing stints, she ran into Jorden again and began to date him regularly. So regularly, in fact, that the couple applied for a marriage license in April of 1941. Doris was 17. She later commented, "The marriage was over the day we got married, but he didn't know it. Neither did I." A son, Terry, was born ten months later, but that didn't keep them together for long. They separated within the year and Doris took Terry home to Ohio so that she could get back to New York and her work. She felt guilty leaving her baby behind with her mother, but her career seemed too important to sidetrack, even temporarily.

At 20, Doris met another musician, a saxophone player by the name of George Weidler. Love blossomed again. They married two years later, took a trailer in Hollywood (due to the housing shortage caused by the war) and began living off Doris' profits from her Columbia recording contract. Her job required that she frequently travel to New York and soon the long periods away from George convinced him that their marriage had been a mistake. Doris attempted a reconciliation. For a while they were happy, sharing a newly-found interest in Christian Science and ridding themselves of "show biz" habits like smoking and drinking. The state of harmony ended the moment Doris left for the East Coast. Feeling neglected and bored (truly the classic case of the bored housewife in reverse), George notified Doris — via telephone — that the marriage had come to an end. She filed for divorce in 1948 on grounds of desertion, another marriage on the rocks.

At 24, Doris' professional life was on shaky ground. She had made a few hit records but a lot more mistakes. Her agent, Al Levy, wanted to book her for bigger personal appearances, but she refused, explaining she was frightened of large audiences and too exhausted to try out any new fields of endeavor. Alone, homesick, and missing her son, Doris spent many hours crying. Was it worth it all? Levy sensed her feelings and sent associate Martin Melcher over to talk with Doris about her future. So aggravated was he by her fears and ambivalence, Melcher later told Levy, "Get rid of that dame. She's not worth bothering with."

Not everyone agreed. When songwriters Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne heard that an unexpected pregnancy had forced Betty Hutton out of her next film, they suggested Doris to director Michael Curtiz as a possible replacement. "You mean that singer with all the freckles?," he asked. Against her wishes, Levy sent her over for an interview. She was so nervous that she broke down in tears, yet Curtiz saw in her a natural, attractive quality and gave her the part anyway.

On the set of **Romance on the High Seas** (1948), tears gushed so free and easily from Doris' eyes that she was given the nickname "Miss Lachrymose" by the crew. Still, she turned in a fresh, disarming performance. **Romance** was a fun, if conventional, shipboard comedy, graced by the presence of Oscar Levant (who was later to be credited with the famous line "I knew Doris Day before she was a virgin") and Franklin Pangborn. Reviewers had mixed emotions (one said she looked as if she had been "hit in the face with paint from a spray gun", despite heavy freckle-removing make-up) but at least they were beginning to take notice. So did Marty Melcher, who finally saw Doris' potential as an actress.

Studio publicity introduced Doris to the movie-going public as a sweet, unspoiled, and completely untroubled ingenue to the point of pre-planning her witty responses to reporters' questions. (Example: "Are you afraid of the dark?" Her answer: "Depends on who's in it.") The press made a lot of noise about her casual dates with Jack Carson and Ronald Reagan, and Louella Parsons began taking daily swipes at Doris in her column, informing readers that sweet little "Dodo" was really a chronically late-on-the-set money-grabber. (The latter certainly wasn't true, as she only began making the "big" money — $750 a week — on her second picture.)

Those early films at Warner Brothers probably say more about Doris Day than all the others combined. Each of them showcased the high hopes and disillusioning anguish of a small town "girl" (and indeed she was barely more than that) who wanted the recognition and family security she had lacked as a child. In fact, the similarities were sometimes purposely planned. **My Dream is Yours** (1949), the story of a young singer with a small son to support, was carefully fashioned by the studio to get audiences accustomed to the idea of Doris as a husbandless mother,

Doris and Ronald ...

something the columnists were spreading with alarm right from the start. (And years before Vanessa Redgrave or Mia Farrow encountered similar public disdain.) Surprisingly, people didn't hold Doris' past life against her. They came in droves to watch her as a waitress trying to make it as a Hollywood star in **It's a Great Feeling** (1949), and welcomed her portrayal of the "good woman" (opposing the raw forces of Lauren Bacall) in trumpeter Kirk Douglas' life in **Young Man with a Horn** (1950), a film that recalled her own romances with other band musicians. She was still the dewy-eyed singer, struggling to overcome the odds against her, but she began to exhibit an edge of dramatic intensity that deserved further consideration.

During this time, Marty had put himself in charge of Doris' career, helping her choose parts. He saw that her early dance training did not go to waste by casting her in two musicals with Gordon MacRae that promised wide-spread popularity. The first, **Tea for Two** (1950), brought back unpleasant memories of the time she broke her leg dancing to the tune. Fortunately, the picture was completed without the dislocation of any major bones. Her second film, **The West Point Story** (1950), was Doris' first teaming with James Cagney, though Virginia Mayo had top billing. Both she and Cagney sang and danced to the best of their energetic abilities, but the

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The Winning Team (1952)

plot — about the staging of a revue at the famed military academy — was strictly assemblyline Warner Brothers. Nonetheless, it opened the door for her first completely dramatic part, that of Ginger Rogers' pregnant kid sister in a topical story about the Ku Klux Klan, **Storm Warning** (1950). Immediately the obliging critics tried to put her in her place, calling her "miscast" and "too nice to be involved with anything as sordid as the KKK." Yet, amid the clichés and turgid dramatics of the film (Day is shot through the stomach by one of the Klan), she gave a strong, earnest performance as a terrified mother-to-be. When adapting Larry McMurtry's novel *The Last Picture Show* for his screen version, Peter Bogdanovich significantly substituted **Father of the Bride** for **Storm Warning** as the film Jeff Bridges and Timothy Bottoms are watching as they "make out" with their girl-friends. Obviously, Bogdanovich's concept of adolescent sexuality told him that a Liz Taylor — and not a Doris Day — would be able to keep the boys going if their girlfriends couldn't.

In 1951 it was back to musicals and home-spun Americana with **The Lullaby of Broadway** (where, in a twist of real events, Doris is a singer who returns "home" to New York to find her mother down on her luck), **On Moonlight Bay** (harmless fun brightened by Leon Ames and Rosemary De Camp), **I'll See You in My Dreams** (a pleasantly tuneful

The movie-going public has always found great comfort in clinging to prefabricated images of screen personalities.

biography of songwriter Gus Kahn with Danny Thomas), and a cameo in a travesty entitled **Starlift Bay** showed the Doris Day who resisted conformity, preferring her baseball glove to silly, "feminine" things like dresses. In **Dreams**, she is such a powerful influence on husband Kahn that he begins to doubt his independence and separates from her, causing an immediate decline in his career. That year Doris received two presents: a wedding ring from Melcher (they married on her birthday) and notification that she had been named one of the Top Ten Moneymakers at the box office. She took up Christian Science as her religion and happiness and optimism became the order of the Day, a feeling she was later to describe as "an illusion."

Audiences made Doris number 4 at the box office next year, even though she made two badly-received films, **April in Paris** (a dud which inexplicably cast her opposite Ray Bolger) and **The Winning Team**, a baseball picture with Ronald Reagan and the familiar coat of well-done Warner Brothers whitewash. By the time she did **By the Light of the Silvery Moon** (1953), a re-teaming of the cast of **On Moonlight Bay**, Doris' position in the film industry began to show signs of strain. Critics added her to the list of so-called "lollipop" stars (Alice Faye, Betty Grable) and audiences greeted her films with a big yawn. It took **Calamity Jane** (1953) to re-establish her prominence as an actress. With some memorable songs (including the Oscar-winning "Secret Love") and flavorful direction by David Butler, **Jane** allowed Doris to relive her "tomboy" days as a hip-swaggering, gun-toting cowgirl as well as sing and dance with great verve and charm.

The critical acclaim was welcome, but it was no answer to Doris' other problems. She was tired of the studio grind and had become a recent target for obscene phone calls and threatening letters. One letter bragged of a forthcoming kidnapping plot involving her son. A police guard was maintained at her home and Doris would not answer the telephone unless she knew it was Marty on the other end. Weeks later, an ex-convict was found in a hotel room bleeding to death with two exploded sticks of dynamite strapped to his arms, and the world learned of a failed plan to extort a large sum of money from Doris Day. When she turned down an invitation to appear at the Academy Awards to sing the nominated "Secret Love", stories began to circulate that Day was now snubbing the people who had made her a star. Bits about her negligent management of money added a sarcastic footnote, including a report that she had carelessly left a $5,000 check under a stack of fan mail for two months before discovering it.

After finishing a bad picture with Phil Silvers, ironically titled **Lucky Me** (1954), she became bedridden, refusing to see any friends and cancelling all recording sessions and publicity dates. Day was finally urged into medical consultation (not a violation of her Christian Science ethics, as many might think) because of periodic heart palpitations and the discovery of a small lump beneath her left breast which she feared was cancerous. It proved to be a benign tumor and was quickly and simply removed. Her doctor diagnosed her breathing difficulties as hyperventilation and sent her to a neuropsychiatric specialist, who ordered she take it easy for a while and supplement the sedatives he prescribed with a relaxing daily swim. Melcher called a press conference to put an end to the rumors about her health. Day told the press of her medical and emotional problems; how she longed to walk down the street and not be recognized, that acting was a "goldfish bowl life", despite its many rewards. The reporters responded sympathetically with news of Doris' "comeback".

Around this time, the flaws in Day's third marriage were becoming painfully apparent. Melcher was investing a great deal of time and money in what she considered to be risky business ventures and he became short-tempered whenever Doris questioned his instincts as an agent. Her feelings of professional suffocation, coupled with an increasingly unsatisfying sexual relationship with Melcher, led to a trial separation. Not long after, Melcher pleaded with Doris for a reconciliation, saying he still cared for her and that a divorce would destroy all of their complicated financial investments. Doris said she would try, and newspapers sang out that Doris and Marty were an 'item' once again.

Young at Heart (1954), a so-so remake of **Four Daughters**, was her last picture under her old contract. It was then that she moved over to M-G-M, where she was paid $200,000 to replace Ava Gardner (her biggest breaks seemed to come in replacing others) in Charles Vidor's **Love Me or Leave Me** (1955). People scoffed when it was learned that everyone's favorite girl was going to portray the life of songstress Ruth Etting. Critics thought it an acting gamble Doris was bound to lose. But the air was right for her this time. With a good script and strong direction, Doris borrowed from the scars and triumphs

Not only did Doris Day's personal life contrast with the image that had been created, but many of her films reveal a depth of characterization which belies that image.

she had lived and grown with to make her Ruth Etting hauntingly unforgettable. Churches were up in arms that Doris Day could play such an "immoral" character so convincingly. Columbia Records decided to reject a sultry picture of her for her forthcoming album cover. Even the critics were slightly disoriented, generally burying her performance under a landslide of praise for co-star James Cagney. But many of them rightly termed it the best performance of her career. Though an expected Oscar nomination failed to materialize, **Love Me or Leave Me** went on to become Doris' favorite role and proved to the skeptics that she could dazzle as well as delight.

Continuing in a dramatic vein, Alfred Hitchcock requested her for the remake of his own picture, **The Man Who Knew Too Much** (1956). Said he, "I knew she had talent after seeing her in **Storm Warning**. What interested me was her sensitivity." Though the film was not what many Hitchcock enthusiasts had hoped for, Doris brought biting conviction to her role as a high-strung ex-actress whose son — again harking back to an incident based in her own life — is kidnapped. The most popular aspect of the movie proved to be a song Doris sang therein (and once too often for some) which later became her trademark, "Que Sera, Sera". It went on to win the Academy Award for Best Song and added $100,000 to her bank account when she recorded it. In an essay written that year by Hollis Alpert of *The Saturday Review*, Alpert states his case for calling Doris "the typical American beauty", and spoke for many when he discussed Doris' performance in terms of her screen image rather than acting ability. "Can you imagine her as Lady Macbeth, Natasha, Madam Butterfly?", he commented. "No, you can't. She has to play an all-American girl". (Impressionist Craig Russell gets further mileage out of his DD characterization when he depicts her as being too embarrassed to pronounce the last syllable of "Hitchcock".)

One of her last flings at drama, **Julie** (1956), was also the initial attempt by Day and Melcher to produce her own films. The tense and slightly unbelievable climax predates Karen Black's heroics in **Airport '75** by some 18 years, focusing on Doris' attempt to single-handedly land a plane after the pilot is killed.

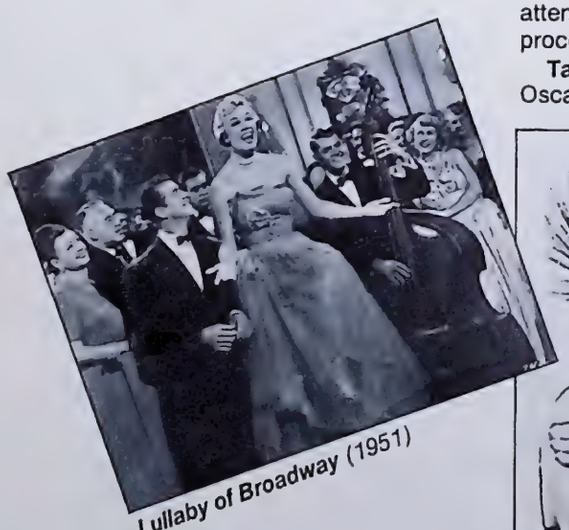
Following **Julie**, Doris returned to musicals to star in a bouncy and fast-moving film version of the stage hit *7½ Cents*, **The Pajama Game** (1957) with brilliant choreography by Bob Fosse. Doris was the logical choice to play "Babe", the gutsy, pant-suited leader of the workers' union, one of the few roles of power given to a woman in the 50s. Convention required that she fall head over spiked heels in love with starchy John Raitt (typically, only after an initial antagonistic encounter), but Doris illustrates that love does not conquer all by sabotaging the pajama factory machines in protest over lover Raitt's strongarm supervisory tactics. In **Game** Day established precedents by singing live (though she remains one of the best lip-syncers in the business) and without make-up to hide her freckled complexion. The publicity stills for the film were unusually uninhibited, depicting Doris and Raitt sharing a pair of pajamas, she wearing only the top half and John the bottom.

Comedy was next with **Teachers Pet** (1958), a witty forerunner to her later brittle comedies, with Clark Gable as a newspaper editor who jokingly enrolls in a beginner's journalism class taught by Doris and finds the joke on him when he must disguise his identity in order to woo her. Doris breezed through the demands of the script and confirmed what one critic later said, that "she apparently can do almost any kind of role". But others found her "too businesslike" (??) and "A mite too exotic" (???).

The Tunnel of Love, directed by Gene Kelly, was Doris' second comedy that year, a look at the hassles of adoption that made little use of her comic abilities, while 1959 brought a mistake called **It Happened to Jane**. "It shouldn't have happened to a dog, much less Jane", was the joke about it.

Then Melcher found the perfect vehicle for Doris in **Pillow Talk** (1959), the film largely responsible for her image as a "frustrated virgin" who uses work as a substitute for sex. College film instructors relish condemning it as a "pseudo sex comedy", an illogical criticism since all comedies at the time were more verbal than graphic. (Besides, wasn't the sight of Doris and Rock Hudson touching tub-soaked bare feet — via split screen — titillating enough for them?) Despite the contrivances of **Pillow Talk** (mistaken identities due to a party line Doris and Rock share), it remains even today a clever and immensely amusing comedy that combined an excellent technical crew and top performers like Tony Randall, Lee Patrick, Allen Jenkins and the peerless Thelma Ritter. The Day character never gets a break because she is big-busted or especially stunning; unlike the dumb blondes of the world, she rejects masculine patronage and utilizes her artistic and intellectual sensibilities to help her get ahead in a world where women often must settle for second best. True, her upbringing makes it difficult for her to be sexually aggressive, but **Talk** shows she is quite willing to "give herself" (a sexist expression in itself) to the right man, when one who isn't totally lecherous and self-serving comes along. Instead of wrongly criticizing **Pillow Talk** as a testimonial to Doris' supposed prudeness, it should instead be looked at as an unconscious indictment of the satyric American male. At very least it shows the superior perspicacity of a Day over a Colbert or Allyson. The panting, helpless female character, found even in many foreign films, did not suit Doris Day. A man's assistance was usually accepted begrudgingly, and not at all if he attempted a display of superiority in the process.

Talk garnered Doris her first and only Oscar nomination (she lost to Simone



Lullaby of Broadway (1951)

Love Me or Leave Me *(1955)*

Midnight Lace *(1960)*

Signoret) and this time she was on hand at the awards ceremony. The event was a break from the filming of **Midnight Lace** (1960), a richly-produced Ross Hunter film that proved to be Doris' last dramatic role. Though the film is pretty standard, with a surprise denouement that surprised no one, Doris was so intense in the part that she nearly had a nervous breakdown. To get into the proper frame of mind for a woman being terrorized by an unseen caller, Doris had only to think back to her blackmail scare in the early 50s. Marty encouraged Doris not to take any more such strenuous roles and she seemed to find the idea agreeable. Critics said she was better than the film and Louella Parsons did a surprising about-face, futilely recommending that Doris get an Academy Award nomination.

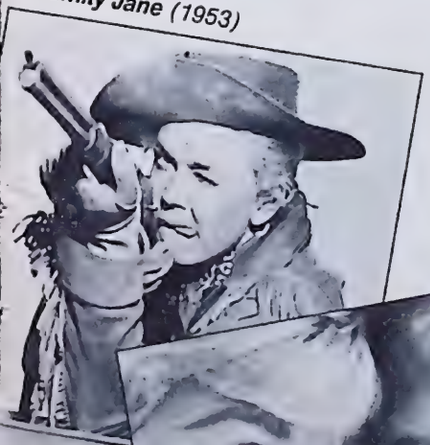
That year Doris became the first woman since 1943 to be named the biggest money-maker in motion pictures. (**Talk** and **Lace** together grossed some twenty million dollars.) She was also known to be one of California's wealthiest women, thanks to some sound property investments. The remainder of the 60s was played out in comedy, beginning with a slick adaptation of Jean Kerr's book, **Please Don't Eat the Daisies** (1960), the flower that became a symbol synonymous with Doris in later years. Here it was interesting to see Doris, rarely depicted as the child-juggling mother, battling with the uncomfortable constraints of motherhood and consistently winning over them. With good humor, she showed that she did not need children — on or off-screen — to realize her completeness as a woman. Urged on by the fantastic monetary success of **Pillow Talk**, Stanley Shapiro provided (with the aid of Paul Henning) another frequently hilarious comedy of mistaken identity, **Lover Come Back** (1961), loaded with barbs at the advertising world. Though Pauline Kael calls it "a great target for Women's Liberation" (she then proceeds to devote most of the critique to the size of Doris' posterior), the movie makes its point by using women (especially Edie Adams) in a sexist way to illustrate their dehumanization through the mass media. Again there is an inconsistent ending (Doris accepts Rock's proposal of marriage as she is being wheeled into the maternity ward to give birth to his child, conceived in a former annulled marriage), yet what should be noted is the honesty and hard work that Doris puts into her work, honesty that completely escapes the likes of Hudson and his male cronies. The "masculine" way of life runs a poor second to Doris' consciousness.

A teaming with Cary Grant in **That Touch of Mink** (1962) proved to be a major disappointment. Shapiro's gags had run out of steam, reducing Doris to drunken giggles and skin rashes to stall her wedding night with Grant. Even with John Astin as a weirdo suitor, it was a wasted effort. So was most of **Jumbo** (1962), a big, lumbering, circus picture that was about twenty years too late. **The Thrill of it All** (1963) fared much better. Carl Reiner's witty script brought distinction to that group of second-class citizens, the housewife. Reginald Owen plays the disgruntled head of a soap company who dislikes his soap's TV ads, which feature talentless sexpots in bubbled bathwater. When Doris relates a story that one of her children thinks the soap makes you "smell like your piano teacher", Owen hires her as the star of a series of live commercials, designed to recreate the natural, unrehearsed quality of her delivery. She in turn becomes an important star, leaving doctor husband James Garner alone nights to twiddle his stethoscope. As a man used to wearing the pants in the family, he (much like the situation involving Doris' second husband) resents the lack of attention and does everything possible to restore her to her "rightful" place as homebody. The ending finds them together at last, heading for their bedroom amidst a shower of animated (and Freudian) fireworks, an ending considered "bold" for a Doris Day picture.

Though **Move Over Darling** (1963) was an inferior remake of **My Favorite Wife**, it contained a fascinating parody of The Garden of Eden, with Doris playing Eve to Chuck Connors' Adam. The death of Marilyn Monroe (**Move** was also a reworking of **Something's Got to Give**, Monroe's last — unfinished — film) seemed to signal the end of an era of obvious sex and call for a support of Doris' more traditional values. That Doris could possibly be the prototype woman — part earth mother, part temptress — was an unusual implication to make, even in a joking manner. The idea of revamping a Marilyn Monroe film for Day was in itself an ironic comment on the cozy morality of the early 60s. With Marilyn gone, the public no longer had to feel intimidated by her intense sexuality. Now it could take solace in Doris as a bright, "cute" and utterly harmless temptation to the world's league of unfaithful husbands. Modern audiences have since abandoned identification with Doris, and show their discomfort with her conservatism by groaning at the mention of her name while applauding wildly for a cinematic entrance by Marilyn. (Marilyn's tragic death brought out many of her closet admirers. More than a skittish actress often stuck in demeaning, caricatured roles, she became a symbol of misspent talent, a sacrificial lamb in the male supremacist studio machinery. It was a far more publicly intriguing finish to a career than Doris' own silent retreat from film after **With Six You Get Eggroll**.)

Send Me No Flowers (1964) completed the Day-Hudson trilogy and proved only a minor success in comparison to their other films. Doris the single career

Calamity Jane (1953)



The Pajama Game (1959)

Pillow Talk (1959)

Do Not Disturb (1965)

CINEMABILIA

woman was out. Now she was a suburbanized wife to hypochondriac husband Hudson, going through the motions of typical "wifey" antics such as locking herself out of the house in her negligée, and writing checks without knowing the exact contents of her bank account. Occasionally, though, Julius Epstein's script allows her real screen character to show through. When Doris separates from Rock because she suspects infidelity (that another reason could force them apart never occurred to her scriptwriters), one of his friends tries to move in on her with a phony consolatory routine, but Doris seems able to recognize the advance for what it is, and promptly puts the opportunist in his place. After discovering that her supposedly dying husband has duped her and isn't really dying at all, she soothes one of his restless nightmares with falsely cooing words, then a forceful slap in the face.

In 1965, Doris was teamed with Rod Taylor in **Do Not Disturb** (another in a long line of meaningless titles), a silly comedy that nonetheless examined the stock situations of married life and gave the upper hand to Doris. Just married to wool-merchant Taylor, she becomes so involved with decorating her London honeymoon home that Taylor feels neglected and his eye starts to wander in the direction of his private secretary. Doris plays by Taylor's rules and stays out all night with a goodlooking antique dealer. Of course, nothing sexual takes place, Doris being a newlywed with marriage vows still fresh in her mind, but Taylor projects his own sexual mores and puts himself in a jealous rage. The commotion seems unwarranted, since Doris again makes it clear that idle sex can never replace sex that occurs between two responsive and sensitive people. It is too easy to say that she was a Puritan about such matters. What Day objected to was becoming a tool for someone else's gratification; a liberated concept rather than an antiquated one. When Doris convinces a wealthy wool buyer who has heretofore refused all business propositions to sign with her husband's firm, Taylor concedes that there is more to being a wife than arranging the furniture.

For those interested in pure, unsophisticated fun, **The Glass Bottom Boat** (1966) featured an outstanding array of supporting players (Paul Lynde, Edward Andrews, Dick Martin, Alice Pearce) and some humorous (though occasionally overworked) slapstick direction by veteran Frank Tashlin. Doris is single again, living with a houseful of animals and working in a space station plant as a tour guide who is later suspected of being a spy. When confronted with evidence of the charge, co-star Rod Taylor laughs it off, saying, "She doesn't have the brains to be a spy!" Doris, of course, accidentally overhears him and angrily launches a plan to get even with Taylor and his cohorts. That evening at a party, she becomes a living **Three Faces of Eve**, flirting in an obvious, mindless fashion in order to arrange a midnight rendezvous with each man. At the precise minute, Taylor arrives at the bungalow, clicking on the light to reveal Andrews and Martin in bed together, each more stunned than the other that their bed partner is not Doris. The script gave Doris the opportunity to do an effective bunch of different characterizations, such as a glamorous navel-baring Mata Hari and a grimy, blindfolded prisoner about to be shot by firing squad. Despite an unnecessary concentration on her friends' attempts to find her a boyfriend (one shot shows her sharing her bed with what later turns out to be her dog, as if to fool viewers convinced of her chaste lifestyle), it had its amusing moments.

By this time, Doris was 42. But good photography (she preferred to be filmed on her right side) and attractive clothes could drop ten years off her age. Not so in **Caprice** (1967), an oddball Bondian spoof by Tashlin mixing comedy and dope smuggling. Her "mod" look seemed overworked and her love scenes with a wooden Richard Harris more than a bit uncomfortable. Still, it is interesting to note that out of all the American actresses who might have attempted the role as daredevil cosmetics spy, only Doris Day was willing to fight for turf previously claimed exclusively by supermen like Sean Connery.

The Ballad of Josie (1968), with Peter Graves, featured Doris as a frontier widow showing the world that, yes, it was possible to start a new life without a man in the house, something she herself would soon enough face when Melcher died. The only place to see **Josie** was on television, since it had been ushered out of the theaters while the projectors were still warm. Doris gave it a brave try, keeping a straight face even over lines like, "Show me your spread, Josie."

After **Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?** had come and gone (it was an intermittently funny look at the victims of the famed New York blackout, with Doris kidding her image as a stage actress appearing in something called *The Constant Virgin*), Marty met with executives at CBS to engineer a multi-million dollar deal calling for an occasional film and a television series for Doris. The first (and, to date, only) movie as a result of this package was a family fiasco called **With Six You Get Eggroll** (1969) where the assigned writers showed obvious contempt for their material by throwing in every family cliché possible. Though it was a critical shambles, **Eggroll** turned out to be one of the year's biggest grossers.

With Marty gone, Doris turned to Terry for guidance. He encouraged her to continue the television show (with a new format) and the second season introduced Doris as a working single woman at the fictional *Today's World* magazine. The program pulled good ratings and managed to raise a few eyebrows by featuring two middle-aged homosexuals as tenants in her San Francisco apartment. After five years Doris called it quits, saying, "Another season of *The Doris Day Show* isn't taking anybody anywhere except to the bank." Her time since has been devoted to the care and housing of lost and sickly animals. She isn't against another TV series, but questions whether or not she should be involved with strictly entertainment programming, saying, "It is not the Alpha and Omega of the world".

While in 1970 she had been taken to court by the government over $400,000-worth of back taxes, in 1974 she was awarded the astronomical sum of $22,835,646 in damages over a case against one of Marty's former law partners, involving 13 separate lawsuits including negligence, conflict of interest and breach of trust. Said she about the decision, "It's been my own little Watergate and I'm glad it's over." Was it true that Michelangelo Antonioni wanted her to play a nude scene in a forthcoming film? Hardly. Nor were she and Sly Stone having the torrid affair columnists were writing up. Sly had only briefly met Doris through Terry, and put one of her songs ("Que Sera") on a new album as a tribute. Sly conceded that Doris was a wise woman but that "She started talking about the church and she shouldn't do that."

After seeing **Last Tango in Paris**, Day isn't certain that today's films would welcome her back. In the meantime, she does a television special once in a while (to keep the ring of words like "retirement" out of her ears) and stays fit with plenty of exercise and eight leaves from the Godakola plant each day. "I'm happy because I think happy", she boasted in a recent interview. Those who know a little about Doris Day can see those happy thoughts were a long time in the making.

END

In which "The Brief Encounter Mauve Teardrop in Amber" is awarded for the first time

Sixth Annual
Black Shadow Awards
For Excellence
In Moving Pictures: 1975

A mixed year, 1975. There was no shortage of good films (19 serious contenders for the Ten Best list), but in other areas (performances and cinematography in particular) I have the feeling that this year's winners are marginally inferior to those of past years. Still in all, a year that produces **Alice, The Man Who Would Be King, Texas Chainsaw** and **The Wind and the Lion** has to be *some* kind of a year.

As usual, I've ended up including several films that are not, strictly speaking, 1975 releases: one from late '74 (**Texas Chainsaw**), and one that's not in release at all (**Aguirre**). The operative factor is that if I've seen a film for the first time in 1975, it qualifies for the 1975 Awards. This isn't as arbitrary as it seems: living in San Francisco, one doesn't always get to see all the films released in a given calendar year before year's end.

Anyway, for better or worse, here's the '75 set. (The Quatermass Award for Best Science Fiction Film will not be given this year.)

THE TOP TEN FILMS OF 1975 (in alphabetical order):

Aguirre — Wrath of God (Dir. Werner Herzog): A dream film, half comic and half terrifying, from the young German director Werner Herzog. In search of El Dorado, Pizarro's *conquistadores* set off into the jungle of the Amazon — and, inevitably, the jungle wins. Herzog is more concerned with karmic justice than historical accuracy, but the period details are still registered perfectly, and the human drama is utterly gripping. The only print currently available is badly dubbed into English. One hopes that a properly subtitled version will be made, and released, as soon as possible.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Dir. Martin Scorsese): Happily, Scorsese seems to have lost none of his film school flash. **Alice** is a technical *tour de force* — well written, beautifully shot, brilliantly edited. It's also one of the first films in recent memory to treat a woman with the same kind of respect that men receive (in the movies) as a matter of course. The ending is a bit confusing, but that's still a minor flaw in a major film.

Antonia — Portrait of the Woman (Dir. Judy Collins & Jill Godmilow): **Antonia** brings us face to face with conductor Antonia Brico — a woman whose failure in the male-dominated musical marketplace has only made her more determined to make music *her* way. Significantly, the film evades the question of whether Brico's music was ever good enough; its prime concern is with the woman, not her talent. It's a deeply moving human document, as strong (and as special) as its subject.

Death Race 2000 (Dir. Paul Bartel): Ostensibly a low-budget rip-off of **Rollerball, Death Race 2000** is at least 20 times better. Instead of a dumb roller derby, **Death Race 2000** gives us a trans-continental road race (with extra points for each pedestrian killed), a revolutionary underground that actually wins, and a delicious, self-satirical performance by David Carradine. Worth noting for its furious energy as much as for its black humor (the latter courtesy of script writer Robert Thom), **Death Race 2000** is terrific fun. Another minor masterpiece from Roger Corman's New World Pictures.

Jaws (Dir. Steven Spielberg): Now that the ballyhoo has died down, it's obvious that comparisons with Hitchcock were a bit premature. **Jaws** is all on the surface: a shiny toy that's great fun when you take it out of the box, but without much staying power. (What did you think of it the second time?) Nonetheless, there's no denying its real accomplishments. **Jaws** actually delivers what most Hollywood films only promise: solid entertainment with no apologies. And that's a rare commodity in any year.

Just Before Nightfall (Dir. Claude Chabrol): Chabrol is in top form with yet another elegant variation on a theme by Hitchcock — this time a complete reversal. Instead of an innocent man caught in a web of guilt, he gives us a guilty man who cannot find punishment, despite his desperate need for absolution. The central question is not how to commit the perfect murder, it's what happens afterwards. **Just Before Nightfall** is a perfectly crafted psychological thriller. If it isn't quite as good as **Le Boucher**, it's still close enough to make the Ten Best list with ease.

The Man Who Would Be King (Dir. John Huston): It's good to know that pictures like this can still be made. Needless to say, Sean Connery and Michael Caine are not in the same class as Gable and Bogart (who were set to play in the original, tragically-postponed production), but under Huston's masterful direction they come awfully close. **The Man Who**

Would Be King is an "old fashioned" adventure picture, as colorful and exciting as any you can name. Most important, though, it's about characters who strive for greatness. That they fail is beside the point; nowadays no one even tries. Thank God for John Huston.

The Story of Adele H. (Dir. François Truffaut): There's more to **The Story of Adele H.** than meets the eye. Structurally, the film is perfectly simple: the characters go about their business with no comment from the director. And yet, as the film proceeds, we find ourselves drawn into an intimate relationship with a woman whose passion is destroying her before our eyes. It's devastating. **Adele H.** is a beautifully sad short story, and the best film from Truffaut in many years.

The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (Dir. Tobe Hooper): What's it like to have a nightmare from which you can't wake up? There have been films that explored nightmares (**The Manchurian Candidate**, for one), but they always let up when things got rough. **Texas Chainsaw** does not let up — it just keeps on getting worse. What's more, it captures nightmare syntax with astonishing fidelity. Fine photography and editing, and an amazing electronic score, add to the impact. Last year the Museum of Modern Art Film Library put on a special screening of **Texas Chainsaw**. They were right.

The Wind and the Lion (Dir. John Milius): It may be that **The Man Who Would Be King** is the last of the "classic" adventure films, while **The Wind and the Lion** is the first of a new breed. Milius' film stands directly in the grand tradition, and yet, by adding a touch of satire here, a section of political commentary there, he has transformed the genre in a highly significant way, replacing simplistic elements while retaining the epic proportions of the form. **The Wind and the Lion** is magnificently entertaining, and thoroughly exciting. It's also, potentially, the most important departure in recent Hollywood filmmaking.

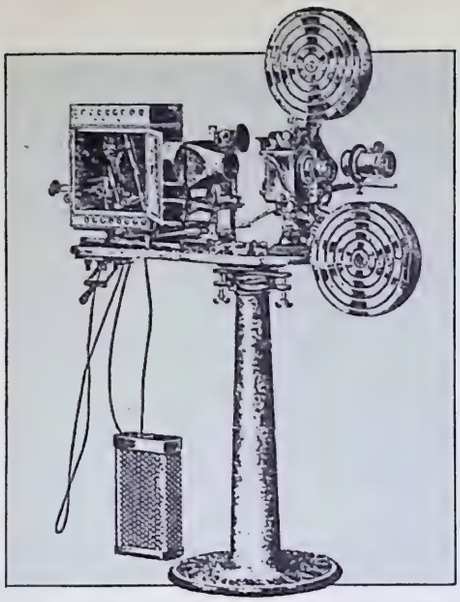
Five films qualified for **THE CLOSE-BUT-NO-CIGAR AWARD** this year: **Crazy Mama** (Dir. Jonathan Demme), **The Magic Flute** (Dir. Ingmar Bergman), **Nashville** (Dir. Robert Altman), **Rancho Deluxe** (Dir. Frank Perry) and **The Yakuza** (Dir. Sidney Pollock).

The Howard Hawks Award for Best "Old" Film Seen for the First Time This Year goes to **Napoleon**, directed by Abel Gance.

The Dziga Vertov Award for Best Political Film goes to **Fighting For Our Lives** (United Farm Workers).

The Torn Curtain Award for Worst Film by a Good Director goes to **Royal Flash** (Dir. Richard Lester).

The Mario Montez Award for Best Achievement in Camp goes to **Supervixens** (Dir. Russ Meyer).



The Max Schreck Award for Best Horror Film goes to **The Devil's Rain** (Dir. Robert Fuest).

The Keep on Keepin' on Award for Continuing Achievement goes to John Huston for **The Man Who Would Be King**.

The Henri Langlois Award for Service to Students of Film History goes to Todd McCarthy and Charles Flynn for *Kings of the B's*.

The Cinemathèque Française Award for Creativity in Motion Picture Exhibition and Programming goes to Charles Lippincott for the *Music and the Movies* series (presented in San Francisco by the Pacific Film Archive, KSAN-FM and *City Magazine*).

The Turkey of the Year Award goes to **At Long Last Love** (Dir. Peter Bogdanovich).

The Special Johnny B. Goode Citation for Rock 'n' Roll goes to **Cooley High** (Dir. Michael Schultz).

The Special Quinn the Eskimo Citation for Ethnic Music goes to several uncredited Peruvian musicians for **Aguirre — The Wrath of God**.

The Bernard Herrmann Award for Best Music goes to Tobe Hooper and Wayne Bell for **The Texas Chainsaw Massacre**.

The Billy Bitzer Award for Creative Cinematography goes to Alex Phillips Jr. for **The Devil's Rain**.

The Ben Hecht Award for Excellence in Screen Writing goes to John Milius for **The Wind and the Lion**.

Best Performance by a Supporting Actress: Diane Ladd for **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**.

Best Performance by a Supporting Actor: Brian Keith for **The Wind and the Lion**.

Best Performance by an Actress: Ellen Burstyn for **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**.

Best Performance by an Actor: Michael Caine for **The Man Who Would Be King**.

Best Director: Martin Scorsese for **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**.

Best Film of 1975: The Wind and the Lion.

Michael Goodwin

The Best From the East

Without further ado, here's a ten-best list chosen from 183 movies seen in 1975:

Peter Davis: **Hearts and Minds**
Michael Ritchie: **Smile**
Roberto Rossellini: **Anno Uno**
Maurice Pialat: **La Gueule Ouverte**
Robert Altman: **Nashville**
Volker Schlondorff and Margarethe von Trotta: **The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum**
François Truffaut: **L'Histoire d'Adele H.**
Costa-Gavras: **Section Spéciale**
Lina Wertmuller: **Swept Away...**
Stanley Kubrick: **Barry Lyndon**

The films are listed in order seen. Here are a gaggle of other awards:

Best Bets for 1976: Gordon Parks's **Leadbelly**, Paul Mazursky's **Next Stop Greenwich Village**, and Michel Soutter's **L'Escapade**.

Rookie of the Year: André Téchiné, for **Souvenirs d'en France**.

Cinematographer of the Year: Bruce Surtees, for **Night Moves** and **Leadbelly**.

Best Short Film: Ted Rockley (G.B.): **Way Out**.

Cahiers-du-Cinéma Genre Awards: (given annually to the most intriguing genre films): Sidney Lumet, for **Dog Day Afternoon**: Sidney Pollack, for **The Yakuza**; Arthur Penn, for **Night Moves**.

Alan B. Dumont Plaque for Achievement in Television: (tie) **Monty Python's Flying Circus, A Family at War**.

Ida Lupino Women-in-Film Prize: Joan Micklin Silver and Carol Kane, for **Hester Street**.

Frantz Fanon Memorial Third World Trophy: Ousmane Sembène, for **Xala**.

Charles Dickens Novel-into-Film Award: **Barry Lyndon**.

Adolph Zukor Stageplay-into-Film Award: **In Celebration** (Lindsay Anderson and David Storey).

Herman J. Mankiewicz Trophy: (for the writer who's done most for a director): Frank J. Pierson, **Dog Day Afternoon**.

Antoine Doinel Prize: **Smile**.

Revival Prizes: (for rediscovered classics): William K. Everson, for Elmer Clifton's **Down to the Sea in Ships** (1922) and Tim Whelan's **Q-Planes** (1938); and Carnegie Hall Cinema, for Jacques Tourneur's **Out of the Past** (1947).

The Flaherty Documentary Certificate: Barbet Schroeder, for **General Idi Amin Dada**.

And now, in continuing order of absurdity (as befits any 10-best list), here are the remainder of our awards for 1975, a year who's dullness was exceeded only by its thinness:

The Wind and the Lion, **Lucky Lady**, and **The Hindenburg** get the solid gilt **Hollywoodiness Oscars** of the year. Jacques Doniol-Valcroze's **Une Femme Fatale** was judged the most egregiously romantic movie of 1975 and therefore receives the **Brief Encounter Memorial Mauve Teardrop in Amber**. It's star, Anicée Alvina, also scores, having walked

away with the **Hedy Lamarr Prize for Most Erotic Performance.** The **Claude Levi-Strauss Structuralist Totem** goes this season to Werner Herzog for **Aguirre: Wrath of God**, and **Every Man for Himself and God Against All.** The **Stanley Kramer Prize for Liberal Fatuity** was won in a breeze by Robert Kramer's and John Douglas's embarrassing pseudo-political. **Milestones**, and of course the **Rockefeller Pornographic Capitalism Golden Belt** was won hands down by **Jaws.** The Worst Film of the Year was Sidney Furie's despicable **Sheila Levine is Dead and Living in New York**, not only badly made but with rotten politics into the bargain. (Yes, Bogdanovich's **At Long Last Love** was a close runner-up, but since Bogdanovich has won this particular award several times running he lost points.)

Better luck to us all in 1976.

James Monaco

And Ten More Bests

The rules of the game are the same as those laid down by Shadow, but since I live in Toronto and was away from North America for a few months I tended to see different films than either he or Monaco. This list is in no particular order because if I make it alphabetical the first film on the list would convince you that this whole exercise is silly. (Not that it isn't.)

The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser. (Dir.: Werner Herzog.) Also known as **Everyman for Himself and God Against All**, it's bombed commercially under both titles in the US. It should do better elsewhere; American critics insisted on comparing it to **The Wild Child** although Herzog's attitude is antithetical to Truffaut's.

The Wind and the Lion. (Dir.: John Milius.) The best adventure film I've seen since the Curtiz/Flynn **Robin Hood.**

Conversation Piece. (Dir.: Luchino Visconti.) There are other things more important in films than the quality of the dubbing.

F for Fake. (Dir.: Orson Welles.) So maybe it wasn't really directed by Welles, it's still the most entertaining film of the year.

Shiver. (Dir.: David Cronenberg.) It used to be called **The Parasite Murders**, but its attitudes and tone are best seen in its working title: **Orgy of the Blood Parasites.**

Fist Right of Freedom. (Dir.: R.W. Fassbinder.) People have started to turn against Fassbinder since they've discovered that he's not really a revolutionary. Neither was John Ford.

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia. (Dir.: Sam Peckinpah.) Everybody seems to hate this one. It's not as graphically violent as other Peckinpah films but also lacks his usual lyricism. All you're left with is Peckinpah's dark vision and a hint that you can find redemption through love as well as through violence. What can you say about a film that ends by turning a machine-gun on the audience?

Rameau's Nephew by Diderot (Thanks to Dennis Young) by Wilma Shoen. (Dir.: Michael Snow.) Well, not all of its 4 hours and 45 minutes, but most of it.

Elektreia. (Dir.: Miklos Jancso.) Yes, it does look like his last couple of films, but Jancso's managed to tell different stories with the same images and I find those images hypnotizing.

Passenger. (Dir.: M. Antonioni.) Not just for Antonioni's direction but also for Schneider, Nicholson and the script.

Special Awards for:

Most promising directorial debut: Jonathan Demme for **Caged Heat.**

Courage (and taste): Gerald Pratley for putting **At Long Last Love** on his 10 Best List, and Richard Roud for showing **Conversation Piece** at the NY Film Festival.

Foolhardiness: Richard Roud for scheduling **Conversation Piece** as the opening film at the NY Film Festival.

Lack of courage (and taste): The preselection committee of the Canadian Film Awards, who turned down **Parasite Murders.**

Best trailer: **Death Race 2000.** It's even better than the film.

Best-programmed film festival: Edinburgh.

Joe Medjuck

For the first time...
the real-life story of the Hollywood affair
that shocked the world...
then made it laugh...and then made it cry.

JAMES BROLIN as GABLE
JILL CLAYBURGH as LOMBARD in
GABLE and LOMBARD
They had more than love—they had fun.

A SIDNEY J. FURIE FILM · A HARRY KORSHAK PRODUCTION OF "GABLE AND LOMBARD" · Starring JAMES BROLIN · JILL CLAYBURGH
ALLEN GARFIELD · RED BUTTONS · Written by BARRY SANDLER · Music by MICHEL LEGRAND · Directed by SIDNEY J. FURIE
Produced by HARRY KORSHAK · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE · TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION® R RESTRICTED

REVIEWS

Milos Forman's

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

A conflict of styles

Surviving the transition from Czechoslovakia to the United States, Milos Forman's special gifts as a director have hitherto lain in his ability to turn every disaster into a genial social event, and every formal celebration into pure theatre of embarrassment. The rather dour cynicism with which he showed up each pimple, dental brace and flat note in the opening auditions of **Taking Off**, each false step, roll of fat and frustrated wish in **The Firemen's Ball**, was balanced by the bemused affection with which he charted the yoyo mechanism of his characters' ups-and-downs.

The fact that their every aspiration doomed them to fall, or pratfall, contained within it no potential for tragedy. Their single common, and dominant, characteristic was irrepressibility, the inability to comprehend that "no" could ever constitute a final answer. Rejected in love or work, they'd bounce back undeterred to try their luck again; isolated by grief,

— cont'd. on page 29

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
A United Artists release, produced by Saul Zaentz and Michael Douglas. Director: Milos Forman. Screenplay: Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman, based on the novel by Ken Kesey. Photography: Haskell Wexler. Music: Jack Nitzsche. Cast: Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, William Redfield, Christopher Lloyd, Brad Dount, Will Sampson. 129 mins.

Nashville
A Paramount Pictures release of an ABC Entertainment Presentation of a Jerry Weintraub Production of a Robert Altman film. Producer and Director: Robert Altman. Photography: Paul Lohmann. Music Arrangement and Supervision: Richard Baskin. Editors: Sidney Levin and Dennis Hill. Cast: David Arkin, Barbara Baxley, Ned Beatty, Karen Black, Ronee Blakley, Timothy Brown, Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Robert Doqui, Shelley Duvall, Allen Garfield, Henry Gibson, Scott Glenn, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Harris, David Hayward, Michael Murphy, Allan Nicholls, Dave Peel, Christina Raines, Bert Remsen, Lily Tomlin, Gwen Welles, Keenan Wynn. 159 mins.

Black Moon
An NEF/Bioscop co-production. Director: Louis Malle. Executive Producer: Claude Nedjar. Screenplay: Malle, with Ghislain Uhry and Joyce Buñuel. Photography: Sven Nykvist. Editor: Suzanne Baron. Sound: Luc Perini and Nara Kollery. Cast: Cathryn Harrison, Theresa Giehse, Alexandra Stewart, Joe Dallesandro. 92 mins.

Pas Si Méchant que Ça
A Citel Films/Artco Films/Action Films/M.J. Productions co-production. Director: Claude Goretta. Executive Producers: Yves Gasser and Yves Peyrot. Screenplay: Goretta. Photography: Renato Berta. Editor: Joële van Effenterre. Cast: Marlène Jobert, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Labourier, Philippe Leotard, Jacques Debary, Michel Robin, Paul Crauchet. 112 mins.

Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer
A New Yorker Films release of a film by Thom Andersen, in collaboration with Fay Andersen and Morgan Fisher. Music: Michael Cohen. Narration: Dean Stockwell. 60 mins.

Robert Altman's

NASHVILLE

A nasty piece of work

Despite the compelling nature of its subject, Robert Altman's film, **Nashville**, fails to hang together, not because it lacks a unifying and informing vision, but because it condescends to, rather than goes inside of, the culture it portrays.

Country music — the music of the white American working classes from west of the Appalachian range to the Rocky Mountains, the music, quite literally, of America's middle — is used as the metaphoric base from which Altman launches his critique of values. Loretta Lynn, who outside of Tanya Tucker, is the leading American female country singer of the seventies, said that if she had been asked, she gladly would have appeared, *gratis*, in the movie. She felt that the film was a rip-off of her music.

It's true that the music serves as an ironic counterpoint in the film, but Ms. Lynn is correct in thinking that it would have been a far better film had the country sound been presented more honestly for what it is: a music whose lyrics and simple melodic lines represent an insistent longing for that elusive illusion "the American Dream".

The ideal of the American Dream is a questing after a spiritual fulfillment, which, because it is not obtainable, is distorted and repressed until it emerges as a yearning for material things to fill the void. The film captures only the distortion.

Like Wallace in his populist campaigns, or Jimmy Carter, the Presidential candidate in **Nashville** appeals to the same "down home" people whose dreams are replaced (displaced) by the twangy sound which helps to ensure the *status quo* by reinforcing the values of the people it appeals to. So although it is not a dangerous, subversive, or sophisticated sound, it is, nevertheless, a music which is indigenous to America, and the film, by snidely offering songs and singers who even when they are not "acting", are to country music what white British musicians are to jazz, cheats.

As in **M.A.S.H.** (or **The Long Goodbye**), Altman tries to have it both ways. **M.A.S.H.** became a favourite even of servicemen in Vietnam. While criticising the war, the people in that film were so engaging that it made Vietnam seem almost a groovy place to be. The immorality of that needs no comment. In **Nashville**, Altman drapes his audience in the flag under the guise of irony. This keeps the sentimentality in check, but it causes him to wallow around in those things he attacks. It is all too easy. Unlike a film like **Lords of Flatbush**, which makes the criticisms count by going inside of its material, **Nashville** reeks of superficiality. The misuse of the music, then, is a microcosm for the risk the director refused to take.

Of course, **Nashville**, if it is "about" anything, is about the essentially political nature of human relationships, and because in America, in the "belly of the beast" itself (to quote Che), the contradictions are greater, things are more difficult. To portray Tennesseans as fools is a fool's game.

Lily Tomlin is the only major character in the film to whom the director does not condescend. Everyone else appears either pathetic or loony or hopelessly locked in his or her frustrations, repression which the music soothes. "It Don't Worry Me."

It is not that the film does not say things which are true; it is that by presenting complexities and not honestly dealing with the people who embody these complexities, the film sneers at human beings and at life, and is a nasty piece of work, as confused as the boy who pulls the trigger on Ronee Blakley, undone by the disparity between the lyrics of *My Idaho Home* and the reality of the home he is running from to try to find who he is. Altman should have gone Home before making **Nashville**, but he didn't. The risk was too great.

Bill Sherman

A poet and former teacher of American literature in Wales, Bill Sherman — when last heard from — was living in London and reading scripts for Rank.

they'd form a club for the grief-stricken and forget, in the hysteria of the occasion, the cause of their first coming together. His lonely drifters invariably ran in packs, and fate — no matter how hard it slapped them in the face — could never wipe off the hopeful smiles. The acquiescent irony in which Forman engulfed them allowed no place for either major heroics or minor characters. In the monstrous egocentricity of their unsinkable optimism, they were all their own heroes and society's clowns — agonizingly solemn in their attempts at fun, and ludicrous whenever they took themselves seriously. Forman, in mining the field of social paradox, appeared to have struck an inexhaustible vein.

On the face of it, his singular qualities make him an unlikely choice to direct the film of **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**. Yet first Kirk Douglas, when he held the rights to the book in 1963, and later his son Michael, who acquired them in 1971 and finally co-produced the film, approached Forman as the first and obvious choice. (According to the distributor's handout, because of his "sure touch for behavioural comedy.")

Kesey's 1962 novel lends itself easily to allegorical interpretations. Its hero, McMurphy, a former lumberjack, gambling man and convict, is a larger-than-life figure who, to avoid hard work, simulates insanity and gets himself transferred from prison farm to a mental hospital, where he incites the other patients to show for the hospital's regulations and tidy time-tables the same contempt he's shown for social conventions outside. The ward to which McMurphy is allocated is tyrannized by one Big Nurse — ample bosom encased in white starched armour, electrocuting hands in soft surgical gloves. Kesey makes her a symbol of America's castrating matriarchy, and the battle for power between her and McMurphy is soon an overtly sexual one. He arranges for the expert defloration of a retarded 30-year-old; she shames the boy into cutting his throat; he retaliates by attempting to rape and strangle her; at which point punitive surgery is enlisted in the cause of asexuality, and McMurphy is lobotomised. He dies, but his virile myth survives him and Big Nurse gets hers.

A hero of superhuman proportions re-

Pier Paolo Pasolini's

SALO

No rationales, no alibis

Salo is based on the book by the Marquis de Sade, and Pasolini had stated that he had not wanted to add much to what the book described, "the organisation and execution of orgies". But he has done much more: besides preserving the marquis' biting social critique, he has added a contemporary dimension. Transposing the story from it's 17th Century setting to the 1944 Fascist satellite republic in northern Italy which gives the film its title, and using the work as a final farewell to romanticism, he has managed to show that hopelessness can be a political dimension, a statement he sealed by his own fate within a matter of days after finishing the film.

The final product could not be less erotic. The action is the same as in the book: four representatives of power (a magistrate, a president, a judge and a bishop) prepare a group of 16 virginal boys and girls for the spiritual and physical death they will inflict upon them at the end. The making of merchandise out of human bodies, which de Sade described and Marx codified, is here stylised into objective horror. Everything is calculated to pull the viewer down into Pasolini's hell: the elimination of feeling, of psychology, of drama, of human interaction, of natural physical functions, and of social values. The film is highly stylised, and great care has been expended on the decorations, a sort of "imperial" Bauhaus à la Mussolini, in the architecture, costumes and furnishings, and in the use of language, which is largely cited, not spoken. The superficiality of the philosophical positions expressed is voluntary: Beaudelaire, Nietzsche, Blanchot and Klossowski, while they may have been important to Pasolini in designing his film, are not excluded from the rejection Pasolini heaps upon those who quote them in it. And in creating a cold, abstract language of stationary images, he forces

DEBORAH BEER

us to forego the defense mechanisms which the freedom of de Sade's written word had perhaps allowed our imagination to concoct. All the walls have come tumbling, and we are exposed to the naked, cruel, infinite brutality of our social conventions.

Every modern method of conceiving reality has been carefully excised. The few flights into the realm of viewer identification — a suicide, a fist in the air at a moment of death, the musical references, and the beautiful, soft and counterpointed ending — seem almost like breaks in style, although this film certainly represents Pasolini's major formal achievement. But everything works together to achieve the aim of eliminating in the viewer any possibility of coming away from the work with hope. Like all of his other ones, this is basically a written film, but for the first time Pasolini's doubts in the usefulness of words is apparent. His attempt to become "crystalline" in camera, cutting and direction, proves his realisation that the transmission of content, the translation of images into concepts, in film, may not be this art's prime potential.

In taking Fascists from Italy's relatively recent past as protagonists, he has also managed another, almost imperceptible tactical manoeuvre: where in de Sade it was the torturers who rebelled against God and the established order, here they have become its representatives. Thus there are no more revolutionaries, the ideas that are expressed in the original book — as well as those of the failed and the failing revolutions of yesterday and today — are thrown into the ring, exposed, slaughtered and discarded without discrimination. "Have you not yet understood", Pasolini had written into the margin of the script on a day when I went to visit him on the set, "that I, God, am providing an example of cruelty? Why do you insist on doing good? Can't you just imitate me?"

But to have written this sentence, and to have shot a scene in which it was spoken, only to have eliminated it in the final cut of the film, is just another proof of Pasolini's intention to permit no Cartesian rationale, no alibi. Every scene attacks, every sensibility is ruthlessly crushed. Every form of sexual, sadistic and psychopathic depravity is shown, but nothing separates these actions from the everyday. Even a verbal description would work against his intent, since it would unjustly underscore aspects of a work whose major formal dimension is its linear, horizontal construction, its even obviousness, its metaphoric simplicity and its non-climactic temporal flow. What we are told here, again and again, is that there is no history, no change, no evolution, and that the human continuity is only a series of variations on the principle of anarchic power application. Even pessimism is feeling, and thus basically foreign to man's cruel nature, not to speak of its opposite or even of hope. Never has this message been more impressively and more brutally delineated, but also accepted, by an author.

Gideon Bachmann

storing self-respect and individuality to a group of faceless and defeated outcasts; a symbolic conflict between good and evil, lust and repression, the individual and the State; human eccentricity observed in the formally eccentric setting of a mental hospital; the Kafkan nightmare of the sane man trapped in an insane asylum; even (according to some commentators) a political allegory of the anti-authoritarian revolt that swept across America in the Sixties: none of these marks out **Cuckoo's Nest** as likely Forman territory. And to a large extent, Forman himself seems aware of this.

Even while protesting his unstinted admiration for the book, he expresses his dislike for and suspicion of allegory; so one of his most drastic changes has been to tone down the qualities of Kesey's gargantuan opponents. His Big Nurse — soft-skinned and petite and played on a saccharine monotone by Louise Fletcher (the actress whom Altman coaxed out of early retirement for **Thieves Like Us** — kills more patients with kindness than with electroshocks. Her sin is but a painful sincerity, contrasting sharply with McMurphy's reckless bravado.

Strengthening both the film's pretension to realism and his desire to steer us away from reading it as a POLITICAL STATEMENT (with the patients as ciphers for the American Experience), Forman has set it in grimly authentic locations — a vacated floor of the Oregon State Hospital in Salem. He has even gone so far as to cast the Hospital's real-life superintendent as the film's head psychiatrist, involving some 15 patients in front of the cameras and 100 in the production as a whole.

In the event, the film of the filming — of the 'insane' watching the 'sane' playing at madmen — might have proved a richer subject for Forman's directorial talents. His negative ambitions are successfully realized: his film avoids allegory, political message or (the Indian's) distorting subjectivity; yet it finds nothing substantial to put in their place. The screenplay is faithful to the external events of the novel, yet fails, almost wilfully, to capture their spirit. The epic intensity of McMurphy's increasingly disruptive escapades seems merely an excess of schoolboy high spirits, with the film escalating from one dormitory prank to the next in a manner more appropriate to the serialized adventures of Billy Bunter than to the go-

WISCONSIN CENTER FOR THEATRE RESEARCH

Popeye's screen debut in the Fleischers' Popeye the Sailor, 1933

The Hollywood Cartoon: A Soft-Cel Retrospective

The current series of ten separate weekly mini-festivals, jointly entitled "The Hollywood Cartoon", that is making the rounds of Toronto's Art Galley of Ontario, Montreal's Cinémathèque Québécoise and Ottawa's National Film Theatre, offers something for everyone, be they hardened cartoon freak, dedicated fan, or curious neophyte. Consider this an informal guide to the 120-odd films that are being shown — in the form of an outline glance at each of the animation-directors whose work is to be shown.

MAX AND DAVE FLEISCHER: Repeated critical re-evaluations reaffirm that the Fleischers' *oeuvre*, silent and sound, from the 1920s and 1930s, stands today as the finest-wrought example of the airy and chimerical cartooning style that prospered prior to Walt Disney's more solid stuff. The Fleischers' was an earlier and highly "motile" genus of cartoonery, where tree stumps, wooden buckets, and whatnot were wont to bud arms, legs or faces and would join in on the movement — always most haphazardly and as a matter of course. The Fleischers inventively intermixed Live-Action and Cartoon when the penned-out Koko, with his baggy suit and conical hat, would razzingly do battle with the real-life Max Fleischer, before returning to the inkwell from whence he sprang. In '34s **Ha! Ha! Ha!**, Koko the Klown and Betty Boop turn out cartoon laughing-gas and, before long, a live-action mailbox, a 30s-model roadster, and a cemetery of tombstones are all convulsed in chuckles. The Fleischers' characters were clearly more roughly-hewn than Disney's, and yet this imprecision could lend a certain mystery to Betty Boop: she looks quite flirtatious in her clinging filmy negligée in **Red Hot Mama** ('33), while her icy stares, in the same cartoon, literally freeze Hell over.

WALT DISNEY: If the Fleischers represent the apex of this primitive, combustibly supernatural and anything-moves school of animation, it was Disney who, among other things, first activated more densely-massed and realler-seeming drawing. The 30s through the early 40s was Walt Disney's heyday — an extraordinarily groundbreaking and generative decade for his studio. Animator/designer Ub Iwerks executed the first Mickey Mouse cartoons, as well as the first "Silly Symphony", the perversely pleasant **Skeleton Dance** ('29) where, against charcoalish grays, graveyard skeletons danced, assembled and disassembled, formed bony wheels together, pogo-sticked on one another, and xylophoned each others' spinal columns. Into the 30s, Disney had brought a definite "believability" to animation that was previously lacking, as Warner Brothers cartoon director Chuck Jones has pointed out. In **Clock Cleaners** ('37), Disney truly utilized "personality" as the determinant of content, as three well-rounded and identifiable personalities, Mickey, Goofy and Donald Duck, cope with the colossal *im*personality of a big machine. Here the strait-laced Mickey is given a lesser amount of screen-time than Goofy or Donald, Disney's more slapstick-y comedians. Surely a meatier role for the Mouse was as the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" in **Fantasia** ('40), where he's sadly unable to squelch an insurrection by an all-broom Cast of Thousands in intense, one-to-one musical synchronization to Dukas.

FRIZ FRELENG: Sergei Eisenstein, writing (in the early 40s) about the developments at Disney's, commented on the increasingly more naturalistic daubings of the backgrounds, the steadily more monolithic musical synchronization and the tendency — in general — toward an "absolute lyricism," stating his personal preference for the simpler, paradoxical beauty of films like **Skeleton Dance**. But Eisenstein could not have foreseen the other possibilities for mature Disney-type animation nor the hitherto-unexplored uses that the Warner Brothers directors were to put it to. Friz Freleng's **Pigs in a Polka** ('42), for example, redoes Disney's "Three Little Pigs" saga as a wacky ballet, with Brahms as the dictating factor, and it's every bit as musically synchronized as Disney's grand **Fantasia**. Yet **Pigs in a Polka** is a burlesque and it's precisely Disney's monolithic tendencies that are being ridiculed: as the pigs build their three Wolf-proof houses, every straw, stick or brick that's laid in place is crazily matched to the music's every dip or rise, however slight, for an hilarious fusion of the visual and the aural. Exceptionally gifted in this area, Freleng supplied many other comic musical moments in his later Warners films: horses' gallops choreographed to "William Tell" in his Bugs/Yosemite Sam oaters, Sylvester as a one-cat-band in **Back-Alley Op-Roar** ('47), and the "Tea for Two" soft-shoe by Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck in **Show-Biz Bugs** ('57).

FRANK TASHLIN: An authentic polyglot filmer, Tashlin directed feature-comedies in the 50s after his short but striking career as a cartoon-maker in the late 30s and early 40s. Just as his caricatural Jerry Lewis comedies reflect much of the language of animation, so much of his animation evidences keen taste for feature-picture-making (cartooning in equivalents of quick montages, "camera-angles," moving-shots, etc.). But other attributes of Tashlin's animated films are rooted in a purely cartoon vocabulary: **The Fox and the Grapes** ('41), with its Aesop fox's doggedly fervid pole-vaultings, gauntlet-runnings, and rocketings-of-himself to procure some

Greg Ford selected, annotated and programmed the films in "The Hollywood Cartoon".

ings-on in a State asylum.

Forman himself is uninterested in technical differences between sane and insane. Yet with nurses and patients alike benignly presented as examples of self-deluding humanity, there is nothing to prepare us for the sudden psychotic outbursts of his loveable loonies, nor for the apparently savage surgical reprisals of their gentle keepers.

The realistic representation of electro-shock treatment has no place in an ebullient comedy of hospital manners. It unbalances Forman's world as surely as Jack Nicholson's stellar McMurphy — a bravura performance out of tune with the hesitant naturalism for which the other inmates strive. Perhaps the greatest indictment of **Cuckoo's Nest** lies in the fact that its characters laugh louder than its audience. The dramatic conflict between its two central characters has been unsatisfactorily replaced by a mere clash of styles — between the realism of sets, symptoms and surgery, and the far-fetched and highly-structured artifices of the plot.

Jan Dawson

Louis Malle's

BLACK MOON

Black magic

"If I wasn't real," said Alice — half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous — "I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are *real* tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

— from *Through the Looking Glass*
by Lewis Carroll

The first impact is of *Alice in Wonderland* revisited by the Ingmar Bergman of **The Shame**. On the one hand, there's "The dream-child moving through a land/ Of wonders wild and new,/In friendly chat with bird or beast..."; the adult who shrinks to infancy; the picture which comes to life; the talking flora and fauna; and, at the stubborn centre, a blonde child-woman who asks a lot of nosey questions and attempts to apply to a differently or-

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Sour Grapes, was the most indisputable influence on Jones' later "Roadrunner" series for its minimalistic confinement of the fixated story-motive. Also Pure Cartoon is the final, fatty-cheeked drawing of Porky Pig in **Wholly Smoke** ('37) — sitting upright, with a halo, in his church pew, and vowing that he'll Never Smoke Again. The fatty-cheeked design makes Porky's "good-ness" look so hideous that it uglifies and undercuts the moralism propounded. The Warners shop was the first to adopt this highly satirical story-approach and moral ambivalence. Tashlin's **Stupid Cupid** ('44), for instance, could seem to subscribe to the stickiest sentimentality yet satirize it at the same time. The rift between its lovey-dovey format and its anything-but-sentimental content is so vivid that even a poor tabby's excruciating nine-life'd suicide receives a lacy pink heart-shaped iris-out.

ROBERT CLAMPETT: Flouting sentimentality all the more were Bob Clampett's cartoons, trumpeting all sorts of violations of taboos. **The Old Gray Hare** ('44) flash-forwards Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd into prune-faced senility, and ends with the Bunny frenziedly snickering "So long, Methusela!" and burying Elmer alive. And Clampett dealt with druggy hallucination in **Tin Pan Alley Cats** ('42): a jazz combo's jitterbugging jam session gets so wild that it transports its hot-pianist into a new and wholly unfathomable time/space dimension. Not for the squeamish is family dinner-time in **Bashful Buzzard** ('45): three killer vulture brothers swoop down like blood-thirsty kamikazes and come up with dogs, horses, whole cows and elephants which their mother proceeds to somehow squeeze into her cooking kettle. Ectoplasmic rubber was a defining principle to Clampett's animation, permitting the rubbery splutterings of his very daffy Daffy Duck as well as the nutty sunrise-scene in **Coal Black And de Seben Dwarfs** ('43): an all-black army platoon of seven dwarfs awakens to reveille, and the sun syncopatedly bounces into its alloted spot like a ricocheting tennis ball.

TEX AVERY: Despite the endless divergencies in style, the films of the Warners directors still had in common their infectious maximal gagginess and fast FAST pacing. It was Tex Avery, primarily, who introduced this franticness to Merrie Melodies/Looney Tunes — in the process, renovating the Hollywood Cartoon at large. In Tex Avery's sportively structured **Ham-Ateur Night** ('38), for one, hootably bad amateur acts are each ushered in, listened to, hissed and boo'd, and given the hook with such frenetic on-and-off rapidity that it prognosticates the Jump-Cut. A star-maker, Avery supervised the cacophonous premiere-appearence of Daffy Duck in '37, put on view the first recognizable Bugs Bunny in 1940's **A Wild Hare**, and perfected Elmer Fudd in the same cartoon (developing this peerless schmo from his cruder oddball Egghead). In the fine realms of absurdism and distancing technique, at least, Walt Disney's classicism was outdone by Avery's screwball modernism: when Bugs Bunny plunges down from a great height in **Heckling Hare** ('41), Avery's "believable" animation lends as much emotional credence to the stratospheric fall as Disney ever lent to, say, the death of Bambi's doe-mother, but Avery then goes one better by extending this horrific scene, stretching its plausibility, and reminding us that we're watching a cartoon. What with their further valiant tries to find the breaking-points of cartoon believability, their stunning fits and starts of action, and their limitless cartoon-within-cartoon effects, Avery's later films at MGM showed even more astonishing detachment toward traditional concerns of Story-and-Character. "Screwy" served as a one-squirrel endorsement of the purest mental derangement. "Droopy" dog, on the other hand, a walking-talking bathos-effect, functioned contrapuntally — the one sole piece of understatement in a hyperbolic cartoon world. Just *how* hyperbolic waxed Tex Avery's world at MGM might be ascertained by a brief runthrough of top-most bits of nonsense: a wolfish wolf impossibly overstimulated in his unrequited passion for the **Red Hot Riding Hood** ('43); hit with a broom, a misanthropic housecat shatters brittly like a porcelain vase, falls to a pile of pieces and is swept under a rug in **Cat that Hated People** ('48). But this insanity probably peaks in **King-Size Canary** ('47), as Avery gives a little bottle of Jumbo Gro to a bunch of household pets — the result: an infinitely inflationary cat, canary, dog and mouse.

CHUCK JONES: While Avery thrived on to-the-hilt exaggeration, Jones mainly championed refinement, distillation, in his own creative methods. Having picked the ideal turf for his Coyote's endless, all-consuming scrambles after the Roadrunner, Jones could happily settle for the same locale, again and again, repeatedly re-enlivening the same few square-miles of desert — a serviceable, conducive-to-disaster site with its breakaway buttes and overhangs, its precarious teeter-tottering boulders. Never needlessly contorting, Jones' keen drawing-style delineated subtly tragic raggedness in his self-destroying Coyote, his timing of delayed-effects inspired certain pathos when the animal would realize that it's going over a cliff, and his overhead perspective-shots transcended the Coyote's falls (the poor Coyote swallowed down to a tiny vortex vanishing-point, diminished to a puff of dust on the ground below). Besides the Roadrunner/Coyote cycle, Jones directed other films on the theme of obsessional self-defeat, such as the renowned parable **One Froggy Evening** ('55): with a life-long wish to exploit the find of a fabulous singing frog, an opportunist's hard-luck ever-downward course leads him to beggardom, public humiliation and the madhouse in uproarious, *reductio ad absurdum*-style. And deserving of special mention is Chuck Jones' superb handling of Bugs, Daffy, Porky and the regular Warners crew. Activating the finalized version of Bugs Bunny in **Long-Haired Hare** ('49), the antics of Jones' rabbit were more psychologically motivated than ever before: after Bugs declares "Of course you realize this means war!!" to a pompous opera-singer, it's the Bunny's slick resourcefulness that gives the film a revenge-plot to be very sweetly savoured. This was "personality animation" à la Disney, in a way, but the personalities treated here were sophisticatedly adult, and suffered adult-level emotional dilemmas. Chuck Jones' Daffy Duck was hopelessly alienated from his surroundings. Whether totally out of his element as gun-slinging lawman in **Drip-Along Daffy** ('51), or equally out of kilter as a would-be dashing swashbuckler in **Scarlet Pumpernickel** ('49), or ultimately confronting the imposing Animator-as-God of **Duck Amuck** ('53), Jones' Daffy was one-half Laughing-stock and one-half Existential Anti-Hero.

Greg Ford

Cathryn Harrison, Joe Dallesandro. ***Black Moon.***

dered universe the cut-and-dried logical rules transported from her own. On the other, there's the background of a raging civil war (this one to the death, between men and women); the theme of escape from it and of escape as a journey of discovery — all of them bound together by Sven Nykvist's breath-taking camera-work, which bestows a separate, distinct identity on every blade of grass, each leg of the millipede, and which can abruptly turn the rosiest corner of an amber-stoned country mansion into a seat of Gothick horror.

But unlike Alice, Louis Malle's dream-child does not wake up; or rather, she no sooner wakes from one dream (of children, heavily laden with jewels and make-up, performing Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*) and finds a rational explanation for it in the details of a picture on the wall, than the dream and picture prove equally prophetic, a premature reflection of the next 'reality'. Far from returning, at the end of the film, to whatever world she left behind in her little yellow Mini, she has moved deeper into the alternative reality at the end of her paranoid odyssey, at best, perhaps, moving round one or two more places at the Mad Hatter's tea party, so that it's now her turn to pour.

Nor is it a simple case of transference, of exchanging the old world for the new, for Malle scrupulously eschews all those tired 'explanatory' devices which make the surreal acceptable to the troubled bourgeois sensitivity. In the old lady's room where the pratfalling dream-child spends much of her time, there's a moment where the two adjacent windows reveal dissimilar views: through one, the war-wounded, bloodied and begrimed; through the other, naked children frolicking. Throughout the film, there's the unforced suggestion that reality is merely the particular window you look through; and also a question of how you look through it. The suggestion that good and evil lie resolutely in the mind of the beholder (the snake which terrifies the girl when — fearful in a hostile, anthropocentric universe — she finds it under a stone, is later welcomed into her bed). The suggestion that all things are simultaneously present (front-line news from the Trojan War transmitted by short-wave radio).

If all realities are co-existent, and visible, the all-seeing few spend their consciousness "yearning for the eternal blindness", knowing for certain that if everything is real, "all is illusion". The catechism for the new nirvana is recited in another short-wave transmission but, characteristically, the bemused heroine falls asleep before the message is clear.

On one level, then, **Black Moon** is the film Malle might have been expected to make at the time of his stay in India: indeed, it could even be read as a belated dip into the muddied waters of hippie mysticism, about which — in the Indian films — he expressed a certain scepticism. Yet looked at more closely, **Black Moon** becomes not a contradiction of **Phantom India**, but rather a transposition, from fact to fairytale, of its themes: the alien intruder tempted to explain an unfamiliar society according to his/her received sensibilities and constantly confused in his attempts to append meanings to signs. ("What we see as spectacle is in fact a ceremony.") The warning which Malle repeated to himself from Calcutta to Bombay also holds true for the reviewer from one end of **Black Moon** to the other. The scenario weaves enough tempting patterns for any aspiring theorist (it would even be possible to view the relationship between the girl and the Unicorn as the latest of the socially unacceptable liaisons central to nearly all Malle's previous fiction films), but the patterns belong to the *reconstruction* of the film, rather than to the *experience* of it.

The latter is of a spell-binding concreteness, with humour and horror finely balanced to create a wide-eyed suspense. Meaning is kept at bay — along with its twin demon, 'message' — and the fear and tensions of entering an alien universe are built up by the audacious device of having the first twenty minutes without dialogue, unless one counts the audible sighing of the flowers or the scrambled words from the car radio where a doom-laden monotone preaches about "the crime and vice that have been committed in the large cities of the world." The strangeness of the long and wordless opening chase is soon compounded by the bizarre balance of the post-synchronised sound, on which every animal cry, rustle of leaf or snap of twig is so amplified as to assume a dominant role. Even when the hunt's prey, the ill-mannered dream-child (Cathryn Harrison) reaches the sanctuary of the big country house, its comforts prove more anthropomorphic than human: a kitten treading the piano keys, a pig in a high-chair awaiting its glass of milk, a petulant rat, Humphrey, who chatters in squeaky English. The English spoken by Humphrey's bed-ridden owner (the late Thérèse Giehse, the grandmother from **Lacombe Lucien**) is produced with more gasps and snorts than are heard from any of the friendly pigs; while the house's other adult occupants, the *lieder*-singing gardener (Joe Dalessandro) and his sister Lily (Alexandra Stewart), eschew speech entirely and converse through their fingertips. Apart from the sullen heroine, only the Unicorn speaks in plain, old-fashioned English, and he only visits every 154 years.

Perhaps a part of the joke is that the setting for this unfamiliar world is Malle's own home, with some of the more eccentric happenings taking place in and around Malle's own bed. But inseparable from the jokey surface is the countryman's sense of nature's superiority over urban development, and his awareness of the extent to which the animals, birds and insects outnumber us frail humans. In the what-if world beyond the looking glass, amid the wishful fantasies (children suckling their parents back to life), we are given a poetic glimpse of what life might be like if man could adapt and assume a different place in nature, if he could lie down with both lion and lamb. The automated world outside is characterised by dirt, noise and bloodshed; inside the magic domain, all forms of life are equally sacred, which is why, perhaps, brother and sister, after killing the eagle, are cast outside the grounds to join in the war to the death.

Astrologically, the black moon signifies the period of chaos which precedes some cataclysmic change and the emergence of a new order. Malle's **Black Moon** conjures up both the chaos and the nature

of the change to come. It is also a masterpiece of surrealism, exquisite, witty, poetic and concise; gradually, skilfully, it imposes its own logic on us.

"Well, now that we *have* seen each other," said the Unicorn, "if you'll believe in me, I'll believe in you." (L. Carroll)

Jan Dawson

Claude Goretta's

PAS SI MÉCHANT QUE ÇA

Antidote to a bucolic plague

First, an additional word about the conjunctive careers of Claude Goretta and Alain Tanner. Both filmmakers were born in Geneva in 1929 and remained in Switzerland to pursue studies in law (Goretta) and economics (Tanner). In 1956, while working in England for the British Film Institute (and, in addition, having alligned themselves with Lindsay Anderson's Free Cinema group), the two directors collaborated on a short film about Piccadilly Circus entitled **Nice Time**, which was screened at the 1957 Venice Film Festival. Their extensive work in Swiss Television throughout the 1960s proved to be of particular financial benefit when, following the formation of Group Five in 1968, Television Suisse Romande agreed to pay a substantial portion of production costs on several forthcoming features from the directors' association, including Goretta's **Le fou** (1970), chosen the Best Film of the Year by the Association of Swiss Critics and **L'Invitation** (1972), recipient of a special Grand Jury Prize at the 1973 Cannes Film Festival and an Academy Award nomination in 1974 for Best Foreign Film.

Second, a corrective word. An article appearing in Volume 4, Number 11 of *Take One* successfully distilled many of the vague rumblings about the "new Swiss school of cinema" into a lucid and concise over-view of the subject, but it credited Goretta with having directed eight feature films. (In all likelihood, the confusion arose from the fact that Goretta has made eight *TV* films). However, by early 1975 he had directed only the *two* feature films mentioned above and only one of those, **L'Invitation**, had been screened in the States. His third and latest feature, **Pas Si Méchant que Ça**, was recently screened at the 1975 New York Film Festival and distribution may not be far behind.

Third, a comparative word. It has been rightly said of Tanner that his great appeal as a director lies in his vision of a world in which anything seems possible. Anticipation runs rampant through his work, a shared function of a stress on the possibilities for change; of his emphasis on self-discovery; and of his elliptical approach to characterization. Like Goretta, Tanner examines the relationship of character to the social, economic, and political fabric of contemporary Swiss life. But unlike Goretta, he draws our attention to at least one considered rebel per film — an angel of anomaly waging a boldly-intuited if imperfectly-executed war against social constriction. And while the dramatic tension of his films derives from this struggle, the ellipses of character — by now a hallmark of Tanner's style — draw us into the fray: They invite us to accept the essential mystery of the human spirit, to respect the sovereignty of its terrain, and to join the process of self-discovery by pouring a bit of ourselves into the void. Rather than responding with thoughtless identification, we enter a Tanner film through conscious choice, by tacit agreement with the filmmaker. In short, we appreciate the dynamics *of* the film as an extension of our relationship *to* it.

Goretta, who arrives at the same point, travels a different route. Equally concerned with ill-conceived notions of private and public domains, he relies on a structure which is more traditional — if less currently fashionable — than his colleague's. (In the case of **L'Invitation**, critical references to the dramas of Chekhov and the films of Renoir were nor rare, not were they merely facile exercises in classic cross-referencing — otherwise known as the Grand Allusion). Multi-charactered, self-contained, and remote, Goretta's films may lack the expansive dimension of Tanner's best work, but they radiate their own considerable energy and touch us in a less obvious way.

First in **L'Invitation** and now in **Pas Si Méchant que Ça**, change is initially perceived as external: a thing imposed on rather than exposed through character; a function of shifting social and economic orders suggested by the death or paralysis of a parent. To this end, the people who inhabit Goretta's working class Switzerland perceive themselves as reactors, the unwitting victims of some nameless bucolic plague. Details of time, of place, and of character are sparse, precise, and telling — as vital to the films as statistics to a medical chart. His characters may behave badly under fire, insights may evolve slowly (indeed, one of the most frequent complaints about **L'Invitation** is that nothing *happens*), but in both films points of light emerge from a luminous comic vision that ruptures the cultural chain of isolation.

The last link in that chain in **Pas Si Méchant que Ça** (Goretta stresses generationality here as much as nationality) is Pierre. An apprentice in his father's handcrafted furniture factory, he is an amiable, easy-going sort; the husband of a sweet-natured woman named Marthe; the father of a sunnily-dispositioned youngster named William; the companion of his father's high-spirited employees. The film begins on a day like any other — golden, tranquil, uncomplicated. Except that midway through the morning, Pierre's father suffers a paralyzing stroke. The business

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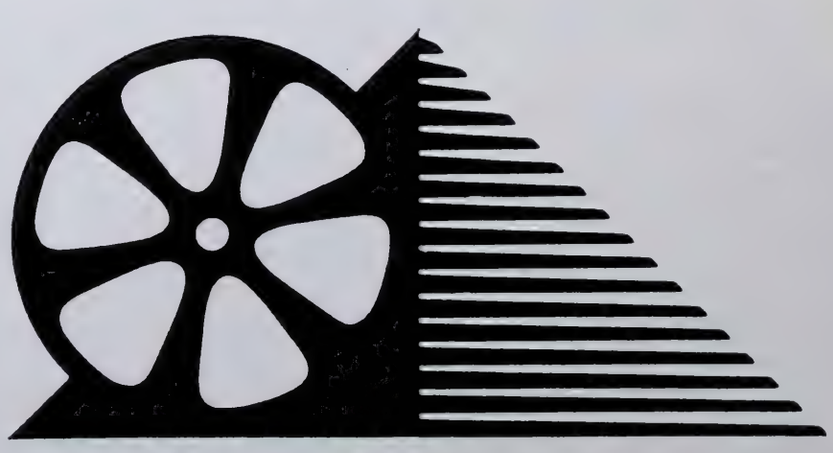

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falls to Pierre and with it the secrets fathers keep from sons in this precise and ordered world: Switzerland is changing; synthetics have replaced natural materials on the market; injection-molding is cheaper and faster than hand-crafting; the business is on the verge of bankruptcy. Tentative gestures from friends and family who sense Pierre's discomfort, but not the reasons for it, are gently, but firmly, rebuffed: don't worry, he assures them, nothing has changed. Except everything — which is much to the point of this bitter-sweet tale. Pierre takes to robbing banks and post offices to meet the factory payroll; he fabricates orders for furniture which he later takes to a dump and burns; he meets and takes as a mistress a postal clerk named Nelly; and all the while, the sybaritic romps in the country with wife and child continue and the craftsmen continue to work. (If Goretta has borrowed the detail of postal clerk/mistress from Varda's **Le Bonheur**, it is not without affect: an entire dimension of his film is devoted to the indistinguishable characters — but distinctly different functions — of wife and mistress.)

The film's closing sequence, a glowing reflection of Renoir's use of theatre as an alternative to reality, binds the disparate elements of Pierre's life together, where they reach their logical conclusion. The community is staging its annual festival. Marthe, in traditional Swiss costume, sings a lively song on-stage and rides a bicycle round and round in circles (a direction, quite literally, in which the loving Pierre has led her); Nelly sits in the auditorium and watches; the factory workers are scattered among the attentive crew; Pierre prepares to play the son of William Tell in a spoof on the legend; the police arrive. Pierre talks to them quietly, admits his guilt in the robberies without much of a fuss, agrees to go with them *after* his performance. To leave before, he explains, "would ruin everything for the children." In the film's final and formally-composed frame, Pierre's three would-be allies (had he been capable of forming alliances) watch his departure: Marthe, Nelly, and François, the senior craftsman at the factory. Yet a vital link in the chain is missing. The child, William, is nowhere to be seen. His absence from the frame is one of those points of light illuminating what this film is saying and which our distance from it only enhances: isolation, unbalanced and unchecked, turns in on itself and becomes the living death to which Pierre's father had been consigned, the prison to which Pierre has been forever on his way.

A final word. The robberies, as absurd as they may appear in the context of the film (which, again, is much to its point), are allegedly based on an actual series of hold-ups reported in the Swiss press. But it is Goretta's ability to weave the facts into a larger interpretive framework which is vital — not the authenticity of the facts, themselves. Goretta's accomplishment points to the deficiencies of what may be considered this picture's American counterpart, **Dog Day Afternoon**. In the latter, director Sidney Lumet safely avoids a point of view by tossing every conceivable interpretation at us at once. The result is a gross magnification of fact; a mirror image (albeit distorted in size) of a bizarre and isolated media event. Goretta and his franco-Swiss colleagues suggest to us the possibility and the necessity to begin responding to something larger than single events. Lumet would have us believe there is nothing more.

Catherine Plumb

Catherine Plumb is a New York freelance writer and critic. Her articles and reviews have appeared previously in Take One, *as well as* Jump Cut.

Thom Andersen's

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE, ZOOPRAXOGRAPHER

Reconstructing the folly

Eadweard Muybridge was obsessional. He did everything the hard way, with the rigours of a scientist. But beneath Muybridge's great show of disinterested objectivity, filmmaker Thom Andersen finds a man with a cleverly disguised sense of humour and a radical glee at getting around the Victorian sense of morality that saw painter Thomas Eakins arrested for posing art students in the nude.

Similarly, Andersen hides behind his own meticulous mask of the objective scholar in making a movie that suits his own radical glee. Subtitled "A Documentation of Muybridge's Work in Photography", Andersen's film is scholarly research, movie archaeology, fascinating biographical document, but most eloquently an homage to obsessive vision.

Muybridge's extensive (indeed encyclopedic) work is obviously a treasure chest of little moments recorded on no more than 24 sequential photographic plates. His choices of subject matter ranged from the ordinary to the bizarre, and one suspects he had an ability to always see the bizarre in the ordinary.

His catalogue of subjects included a horse racing, an elephant walking, a nude man sitting, nude athletes wrestling, artificially induced convulsions in mental patients, the dexterity of amputees, a 340-pound nude woman struggling to stand up, and Muybridge himself, bearded and nude, identified only as a 60-year-old former athlete.

Andersen starts out by demonstrating the obsessional grandeur of Muybridge's early career as a still photographer. Muybridge would undertake expeditions to distant parts of the world to record natural splendors or ethnographic visions of strange cultures. To photograph Yosemite, he waited three days for the right atmospheric conditions to capture a particular shot, cutting down trees that blocked the ideal setup for his camera.

There is more than just a touch of grand folly to this man's life. One is reminded of the Griffith who made **Intolerance**. Andersen finds it pertinent to point out that Muybridge once stood trial for shooting his young wife's lover, only to be released on justifiable homicide. You get the idea that Muybridge was a little too visionary to be able to get along real well with the realities of this world.

A stickler for historical precision, Andersen strenuously denies that Muybridge was in any sense the inventor of the motion picture. He wasn't that practical a man. Instead, he is an isolated historical figure whose work falls between still photography and cinema, without achieving the crucial link.

It is — then — left to Andersen, more than three quarters of a century later, to restore the motion to Muybridge's studies. And there is true magic when Andersen takes Muybridge's sequences of still photos and animates them back into natural motion — an almost Dr. Frankenstein thrill of re-creating life. Because Muybridge left meticulous "scientific" records of the circumstances around each photographic session, including the exact time lapse between each picture, it has been possible for Andersen to re-create the exact speed of the original photographed actions (with a better precision than silent films survive in modern screenings).

Andersen has spent some nine years on this labor of love. His sensibility as a filmmaker is intellectual and austere, with an ontological interest in the origins of the medium and a perverse sense of humour reminiscent of such theorist filmmakers as Werner Herzog, Jacques Rivette and Morgan Fisher (who is credited as a collaborator on the Muybridge project).

The film has the veneer of a dry, respectable documentary, (it is underscored by a fastidiously monotone narration delivered by Dean Stockwell). But, while it is not actually on the soundtrack, you can hear Thom Andersen giggling between the lines.

John H. Dorr

John Dorr recently completed eight months as the daily film reviewer for The Hollywood Reporter. *Having been replaced by a reviewer with more reliably establishment views, Dorr is now on his way to Guatemala.*

Andersen is not the only person to have animated Muybridge's studies. In 1968, Toronto animator John Straiton won First Prize for animation at the Cannes Amateur Film Festival for his seven-minute film, **Animals in Motion**. Ironically, the film was banned for theatrical screenings by the Ontario Censor Board because some of the animals Muybridge had photographed nearly a century before were (naked) human beings.

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Mai Zetterling
The very sensitive Danish director

Dr. Glas (1969)—The darkness of memory, the way we feel about personal relations long after they have been severed is the crux of this film about an old man trying vainly to remember sensual experiences from the past.

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David: Off and On (1973)—says Martha of her film, "My first major work is a portrait of my brother growing up, his struggle with drug addiction, and his search for something to live for. I felt it was a story that needed to be told, in a real sense."
Old Fashioned Woman (1974)—says *Time* magazine, "...a mellow and admiring portrait of a redoubtable eighty-six-year-old Yankee. Coolidge inserts herself directly into her own film, as interrogator and fond grandchild and, most tellingly, as explorer, searching for a way back into her own past."

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Martha Coolidge, film maker

COLUMNS

Recordings

RCA's very successful Classic Film Scores series has contributed in no small part to a renewed interest in the golden age of film scoring. Producer George Korngold (son of the composer), conductor Charles Gerhardt, and engineer K.E. Wilkinson had all contributed excellent work — most notably several film scores — to a series of albums available only through *Reader's Digest*, for some years prior to the issue of the first volume in the series, a selection of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's scores: ***The Sea Hawk***. This and the later Korngold (***Elizabeth and Essex***, RCA-ARL 1-0185) still remain the most musically satisfying of the entire group. Very rich and lush and perhaps best sampled in small doses, but withal quite exhilarating.

Of the other two volumes on hand for review one cannot be so enthusiastic. ***Classic Film Scores for Bette Davis*** (RCA-ARL 1-0183) unnecessarily reprises similar material already covered in earlier issues and contains an unforgiveably atrocious rendition of Alfred Newman's *All About Eve*. Here and in the Newman album ***Captain from Castile*** (RCA-ARL 1-0184) Gerhardt has just not found the correct approach to satisfactory readings of Newman's heavily nuanced scores, and the choice of material from among Newman's endless riches is very debatable and disappointing.

Wilkinson's engineering throughout is breathtaking, and excellent notes by a number of experts are an important addition, though RCA Canada should be ashamed of the shoddy Xerox look of both covers and notes.

Angel are no doubt being cursed by dealers in rare deleted soundtracks for their re-issue of Alex North's superb score for **A Streetcar Named Desire**, conducted by Ray Heindorf, coupled with Max Steiner's rather tame traversal of three of his most important scores: *Since You Went Away*, *Now Voyager* and *The Informer* (Angel S-36068). Exemplary notes are included and the sound of these close-to-25-year-old recordings has been beautifully re-engineered. Hopefully other companies like RCA can be persuaded to follow Angel's lead by properly re-issuing scores such as Tiomkin's *Duel in the Sun* and Raksin's *Forever Amber* rather than allowing the plethora of pirate and rip-off companies to glut the market with their appalling offerings.

Elmer Bernstein's Film Music Collection has finally gotten off the ground and its quarterly publication, *Filmmusic Notebook*, is very welcome. The first recording is alas somewhat of a letdown. Max Steiner's *Helen of Troy* and *A Summer Place* would not be my choice to start off with, though I think the former is one of Steiner's most satisfying scores. But the performances sound more like first run-throughs rather than fully polished ones. I know present-day economics dictate such unfortunate corner-cutting and Bernstein is rather to be commended for his spirit and courage in undertaking this important venture. Membership, including the *Notebook*, is $10.00 a year. Recordings (with postage) even out to around $11.00 for the Canadian subscriber. (Film Music Collection, P.O. Box 261, Calabasas, CA 91302). New and

The editorial content of *Take One*, like that of almost every other film magazine, is almost entirely the product of a group of underpaid, underfed and critically-important people known as freelance writers. These men and women have chosen to make a perilous, meagre living (or, often, to augment another equally meagre living) by selling their ideas on the open market. In exchange, they enjoy a small income, some measure of notoriety, and a great deal of independence.

From our point of view, one of the pleasant ancillary benefits of editing a film magazine has always been the high measure of comraderie and cooperation that maintains between the foolhardy people all over the world that put out film magazines. Editors of motion picture periodicals tend to correspond regularly, meet occasionally, exchange information, suggest authors to one another, and are remarkably generous in allowing translation and reprint rights to one another. We have always derived a great deal of pride from the fact that authors that we first encouraged and "developed" have since been published in magazines all over the world.

Thus, from both our own point of view and that of the freelancers, it was with a certain amount of shock that we learned that a sister publication — and a Canadian one at that — has established an editorial policy that forbids any of their authors from writing for other Canadian film publications. Reacting to the invasion of its market by two other nationalistically-oriented film publications (*Pulse* and *Motion*), *Cinema Canada* has laid down just such a rule. Regular *Cinema Canada* authors cannot expect to ever again be published by *Cinema Canada* if they commit the cardinal sin of writing so much as a review for *Motion*, *Pulse* or — for that matter — *Take One*.

Now, we are fortunate to have more than enough excellent writers — and we still discover at least one new one a month. So *Cinema Canada*'s edict doesn't presage any drastic reduction in the editorial quality of *Take One* (which is, after all, Canada's largest-circulation film magazine). What the edict *does* do is provide *Cinema Canada* with the benefits of a stable of staff writers without having to pay those writers regular salaries. It deprives the freelancer of his one greatest asset: Freedom. It makes the task of earning a living in a profession that (especially in Canada) has always been a tough one that much tougher.

Peter Lebensold, Editor

projected issues include Waxman's *Silver Chalice* and Friedhofer's *The Best Years of Our Lives*.

So few scores for English Canadian films are ever recorded that it's somewhat unique to find a recording of the music for a short film, ***Music from the film The Violin*** (RCA KXLI-0029). The star of this multi-award-winning film, Maurice Solway, offers eighteen of his compositions, with Leo Barkin at the piano, all richly and warmly played by this uniquely gifted musician.

Glen W. Hunter

Letter from Rome

Hungarian in a fix

Walking home across Pantheon Square a few days ago, a voice called to me from a window above. I made the usual Roman gesture for "call me!", tucked my asparagus under my arm, and by the time I opened my front door, my phone was ringing. It was Miklos. He had just returned from Hungary.

We have been living across the street from each other for the last two years, but I had last seen him in his native country, where I had gone to watch him shoot, in eight days, the film which was then chosen to represent Hungary at the Cannes Film Festival: **My Love, Electra**. It had been the first time I had seen him work, but not my first acquaintance with his films, which had intrigued me and most other critics since he burst upon the international cinema stage with another masterpiece at Cannes: the 1965 screening of **The Round-Up**.

Then and now the subject is practically the same, and like all great artists he does not particularly try to change his theme between works. Then as now he is concerned with peasants and their relationship to power, with ritual and cruelty, with movement, the play of forces and the interaction between oppressors and the oppressed, and with the meaning of individual revolt. Having been a Stalinist in the days during and after World War II, and involved in the Free University movement in Hungary, his films trace the personal history of a man disappointed in the beliefs of his youth, but refusing to give up hope in the future of the idea upon which these beliefs were based. Which, ideologically speaking, is a hell of a fix for a Hungarian living in the free world to find himself in.

The images in which Jancso clothes his concerns are fascinating and haunting: in long, elaborate camera movements he dances across the wide Hungarian plains, catching in the net of this wandering eye horsemen, nude girls, groups of peasants in revolt, dusty horizons in red smoke, leering close-ups of cruel priests and landowners, buffaloes, pheasants, and green, grassy edges of pools and rivers. The tragedies that take place in this *puszta* landscape are only hinted at, we do not see blood even when hundreds die. "I don't have to show the details of death", Jancso says, "to make its presence felt. In fact, hints are stronger than demonstrations. The viewer must participate more fully in understanding the meanings of my films, and this intensity creates in him a personal experience. Only this personal experience can make him active, can cause my message to be more than passively received."

Jancso is one of the few great artists of the socialist world who lives in the West without having broken with the East. He has made films abroad (Italy, France, Tunisia) but his best work is still created in his native country, where he goes regularly to make at least one film a year. The Hungarian state bases much of its cultural reputation on Jancso's fame, and allows him liberties denied to others. In fact, he has never disappointed either his Western admirers nor his Eastern producers. In providing an artistic vehicle for some of the doubts that many liberals the world over feel towards socialism, he fills a purpose for both camps. The ambivalence of the political message, always present in his work, is useful on many levels. And the truth that underlies his work, the continuing significance of the individual in a society that tends to suppress him, is equally important on both sides of what used to be known as the Iron Curtain.

I had spent a week with Jancso in the *puszta*, that endless green plain which practically all of Hungary consists of, and had seen him shoot his **Electra** in only eight shots, each lasting about 12½ minutes. This unusual feat is achieved by pre-planning and orchestrating each camera movement, each actor's footsteps, each slightest expression ahead of actual shooting, spending an entire day rehearsing, and then, just before sundown, shooting it between 4 and 6 times. Practically all his ten major films have been made with the same writer, cameraman, and often with the same actors, and have tended to become formally more and more perfect. His ideal seems to be the film without cuts, shot in one take with a camera which, alas, has yet to be invented. Basically this would be the application of a theatrical method to cinema, or, conversely, it would be a piece of theatre using film.

At the moment Jancso is working with his friend and collaborator, the Italian writer Giovanna Gagliardo, on a film location in Yugoslavia, where he is filming a modern version of the "Mayerling" story, in which the emperor's son is murdered for reasons of homosexual intrigue. What he is trying to do, he says, is to repeat himself but manage to renew his forms every time; to present the paradox of a message which criticises, by allegory, the major political trends of our days but manages not to antagonise the representatives of either; to flaunt images of sheer visual beauty which are at the same time cruel and erotic, revolutionary and aesthetic; to apply his talents to a socially meaningful activity and to live well and significantly at the same time. Certainly a tall order for a former Stalinist who has accepted to work within the confines of the international coproduction racket because it alone, he says, can give him the means to enlarge his scope.

Gideon Bachmann

Letter from Paris

A jinxed festival

At the closing press show of the first Paris International Film Festival, the organiser, Pierre-Henri Deleau, thanked the assembled journalists for their patience over the festival's "organisational difficulties." But, he explained, he had only had a few weeks in which to put the festival together, on a limited budget.

"Next year," he promised, "things will be different."

Presumably that includes the opening date. Deleau's choice for his inaugural festival, November 17, was also the day the London festival began. Paris ran only eight days against London's three weeks, but the clash cannot have benefited press coverage of either event. In Paris, the festival was poorly advertised, although it was supposedly for ordinary moviegoers rather than film specialists. As for the quality of the new films shown, people agree they did little to enhance the concept of auteurism to which the festival was dedicated.

You might almost say the thing was jinxed. The festival's prize catch was **Salo or The 120 Days of Sodom**, Pier Paolo Pasolini's adaptation of Sade, and Pasolini was to have come up from Rome to give a press conference at the world premiere. But a fortnight before the festival, he was murdered. Meanwhile, in the Marquis de Sade's homeland, parliament was debating a bill to impose a punitive tax on all films banned to under-18s. The bill's aim was to halt France's epidemic of porn flicks, but the tax would also hit sexually-explicit art movies like Godard's **Numéro Deux**, a film that is about as aphrodisiac as a cold shower. Most auteur directors in France work on a shoestring budget, and

Gideon Bachmann reviews Pasolini's **Salo** on page 29.

The day after Pasolini's murder, police allowed a football match to be played where he was slain, thus obliterating any clues.

the tax bill threatened to change their prospects from perennially gloomy to disastrous.

Opening night, a couple of hundred representatives of film unions and ciné-clubs gathered on the steps of the Théâtre de Chaillot, where the main festival films were shown, to protest the tax bill. The demo went ahead despite the pleas of Deleau and his aides, actor Jean-Claude Brialy and critic Henry Chapier. They had invited President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to the gala opening, and they wanted him to be there: it would have been the first time a French head of state had attended a film festival. But Giscard withdrew; so did many of the invited movie stars, like Yves Montand and Simone Signoret, in line with an actors' union directive to boycott the festival. The festival, the union argued, was a cultural smokescreen masking the crisis in the chronically-ailing French film industry.

A few days later the French Senate toned down the tax bill, although it could well be toughened up again before this reaches print.

Ironically, the demonstration, which was a peaceful one and broke up after half-an-hour, was spearheaded by the Société des Réalisateurs Français, the film directors' association, which for several years had been demanding a festival in Paris. (Deleau himself is the organiser of the SRF's Directors Fortnight at Cannes.) A number of the SRF demonstrators are said to have gone into the Théâtre de Chaillot afterward for the gala.

This divided attitude was reflected among Paris film journalists and publicists. Some saw the festival as a threat to Cannes.

"I'm not particularly pro-Cannes," was one comment I heard, "but it is the world's major festival. It's stupid to set up a rival festival in the same country."

Personally, I don't see how a sprawling metropolis like Paris can equal Cannes' attractions as a film market: a compact location and (sometimes) Riviera sunshine. No-one is likely to write a song called "November In Paris."

In fairness to Deleau, it should be pointed out that he had wanted the festival to be a national one, showing only French films. That made sense. The government, which was footing the bill, told him the festival must be international, and gave him a 690,000-franc (about 138,000-dollar) budget instead of the 2,000,000 francs he had asked for.

The festival screened about 150 films, old and new, and was non-competitive, like London and New York. I didn't have too much time available, so missed some of the films I wanted to see, like the Soviet silent classic **The New Babylon**, which was accompanied by an orchestra playing Shostakovitch's score. Another I missed was Peter Lilienthal's **Es Herrscht Ruhe Im Land**, a fiction film shot in Portugal but actually about an anti-fascist struggle in a small Latin American town. (Lilienthal himself grew up in Uruguay, as a refugee from Hitlerism.) Friends who saw the film say it's a fine work. Lilienthal gets overlooked when critics discuss the German film renaissance, but he made his first movie, **Malatesta**, as far back as 1969, with an oddly impressive Eddie Constantine in the role of the legendary Italian anarchist.

The year 1969 also saw the directing debut of Rainer Werner Fassbinder, except that he, of course, came up with four movies compared to Lilienthal's one. Paris screened his **Mutter Kusters Fahrt Zum Himmel**, the film that upset left-wingers at the West Berlin festival because it attacks both the West German Communist Party and Red Army Fraction-type extremists. In Paris, the press show audience greeted the closing credits with

Dish Night

TAKING STOCK: Cybill Shepherd, having been 86'd from Bogdanovich's **Nickelodeon**, will join the ranks of the likes of Ann Miller and Lucie Arnaz, when she trods the boards this season in a winter-stock revival of "A Shot in the Dark". Cyb will play a saucy French maid accused of murdering her employer.

A DATE WITH DORIS: Doris Day, whose aversion to flash-bulbs is as famous as her aversion to animal skins, left the New York literary community (plus Dick Cavett) in the lurch, as she fled the publication party of her memoirs at Brentano's Bookstore, dodging paparazzi through the backgammon sets. Olivia Newton-John, who is not quite as blond as Doris, has been mentioned for the movie version of the book which raises a few questions about Doris's professional virgin status.

ITALO-AMERICAN RELATIONS: With Lina Wertmuller's **Seduction of Mimi** being re-done with a black cast, one of the majors has been toying with the idea of an Americanization of **Swept Away** with Jane Fonda and Jack Nicholson as the castaways.

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET: The match-making brains behind the re-merger of Sonny and Cher turns out to be none other than Warner Brothers' new vice-president David Geffen, the former kid wonder who also mated Elektra to Asylum when he was still in the music biz.

TWOSOMES: Marisa Berenson, the new silent movie star, had "I've Got a Crush On You" hummed to her during the **Barry Lyndon** festivities by Rick von Opel, the German automobile heir. And Barry Diller, Paramount prexy, squired designer/princess Diane von Furstenberg, half of 1973's Beautiful Couple, to all the big Christmas week openings.

THREESOMES: In Hollywood, Bud Cort has taken up residence with Groucho Marx and Erin Fleming.

MAKING IT LEGAL: Before he goes into production with Irwin Shaw's **Nightwork**, Frank Perry will marry Barbara Goldsmith, the gal who blew the cover on the Met's Lehman Wing in her roman-à-clef *The Straw Man*.

FAIRY TALE: Robert Redford is being sought after to play **The Beast** to Liv Ullman's **Beauty** in a new version of that old story, to be filmed in France as a telly special for the States and theatrical release abroad.

CHARADE 1976: Audrey Hepburn is not exactly co-operating with Columbia on her screen comeback in **Robin and Marion**. After a no-interviews/no-photographs policy on the set, she is bucking at coming to the States from her home in Italy to promote the picture.

AND THAT'S THE TRUTH: The word is that Lily Tomlin's door is not being beaten down by producers offering her roles, despite her **Nashville** acclaim, because the Lady of a Thousand Faces insists on doing her own re-writes.

est LIST: After hearing so much about The Stars and est (Erhard Seminar Training) and how it has changed the lives of Cloris Leachman, Valerie Harper, Carly Simon and the entire executive level of a major Hollywood studio, the turnout for big wheel Werner Erhard's post-graduate session at Madison Square Garden was surprisingly name-less. **Jaws** survivor Roy Scheider did show up, however, along with Dan Greenburg, who was probably doing a piece on it, and the Turtle's best friend Polly Bergen.

Waldo Lydecker

hostile whistles. Outside his own country, Fassbinder enjoys the reputation of a man of the left, but German friends tell me this is unjustified: "He has never taken a public stand and doesn't belong to any political party," a charge I have heard levelled in Paris against Georges Brassens. Fassbinder, in short, exercises the artist's privilege of independence and ambiguity. What he says in **Mutter Kusters** is that revolutionary politics can involve cold-blooded manipulation of the innocent — or, if you like, the falsely-conscious. It is a valid point, and doesn't make Fassbinder a reactionary.

But if you preferred *bien pensant* politics to craftsmanship, you applauded **Il Pleut Sur Santiago**, a sub-Costa-Gavras reconstruction of the overthrow of Salvador Allende. The director, Helvio Soto, is a Chilean who worked in television under Allende, and he naturally takes a strong pro-Allende line, which is acceptable inasmuch as social democracy is better than fascism. But let's not get too sentimental about Allende: what kind of "workers government" is it that opposes a strike by miners? Don't ask Soto, who gives us an agitprop comic strip. It ends with Neruda's funeral, where one of the mourners observes; "Was there ever a poet who was a fascist?" That's the tone of the whole film, part of which was shot in that bastion of democratic liberties, Bulgaria.

I'll say this for **Salo or The 120 Days of Sodom**, it does get in a swipe at Ezra Pound. (We hear a few lines from the *Cantos* reverently quoted over Mussolini's wartime radio.) The pathos of Pound's last years is no reason for forgetting what he once stood for politically. As seen by Pasolini, via Sade, this included coprophagy and eye-gouging. I'm not sure people are right in describing the film as a metaphor (in that case, why not keep the action in the Sade book's own period?) but if it is, it is a suitably repulsive one. However, Pasolini cultists are a vociferous and determined bunch, and even if Pasolini hadn't become a martyr, we could expect this film to be hailed as a masterpiece.

My own view of Pasolini is that he was never too sure what he was up to. Take the end of **Salo**: outside the chateau where the film's action is centered, an appalling death-camp massacre is in progress; the camera switches to inside the chateau and shows us two dreamy-faced youths, teenage prison guards, listening to schmaltzy music on the radio. "Do you know how to dance?", one of them asks the other. "No," replies his companion. "You can always try," says the first, and they get up and dance together. Fadeout.

"What do you think Pasolini was getting at?" I asked a French woman critic.

"He was saying that life goes on," she replied.

Fair enough: Bo Widerberg used the same device at the end of **Joe Hill**. But Pasolini's dancing youths aren't honest Wobblies but gun-toting Fascists. This isn't ambiguity, it's confusion. Unless, of course, we accept the argument of Pasolini's defenders that he was trying for a work of total denial, the implication being that we should admire his anti-human nihilism.

Salo was banned in Italy a few days after Pasolini's murder on the grounds that Italians were not sufficiently "mature" for it. The Paris screening was preceded by a press conference of left-wing Italian filmmakers denouncing the ban. They included Bernardo Bertolucci, Liliana Cavani, Gillo Pontecorvo, Luigi Comencini, and Francesco Rosi, the last-named defending Pasolini's film as "an exemplary work of art, a violent attack on violence."

The French press as a whole had treated the Pasolini murder as an open-and-shut homosexual killing, but one or two smaller-circulation papers reported that in Rome people like Alberto Moravia and Oriana Fallaci were saying that Pasolini's death was the result of a fascist plot. Asked at the press conference if he could throw some light on this, Bernardo Bertolucci answered lamely that he wasn't a detective, and advised us to check out the Italian publications on sale in Paris. He did say, however, that the police in-

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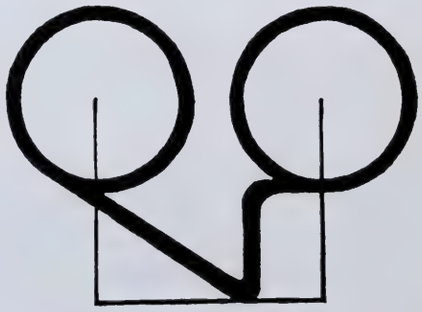

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vestigation had been sloppy. The day after Pasolini's murder, police allowed a football match to be played on the piece of wasteland where he was slain, thus guaranteeing the obliteration of any clues that may have been lying around.

To end on a less negative note: what saved the festival, at least for me, was the discovery of a French film made nearly 50 years ago. This was **L'Argent** (1928), screened at a Marcel L'Herbier retrospective in one of those Left Bank art houses that you need a Seminole guide to find. **L'Argent**, a Jazz Age updating of Zola, runs three-and-a-quarter hours and appears to be L'Herbier's answer to **Greed**. The cast includes Antonin Artaud, Yvette Guilbert, and that ultimate Teutonic goddess, Brigitte Helm, but the principal actor is Pierre Alcover, who gives a no-holds-barred performance as a crooked banker. The man is a scoundrel, but has such animal vitality that you finally side with him. L'Herbier's view of human rapacity is less sombre than Stroheim's.

The print I saw had been renovated by the official French archives, and some scenes looked almost new. Visually, the film is stunning: as has been pointed out, I think by Kevin Brownlow, those old black-and-white nitrate prints were capable of a tonal beauty unknown to Glorious Technicolor. Brownlow gives L'Herbier only a single, passing mention in *The Parade's Gone By*, likewise Basil Wright in *The Long View*, but let me quote what the French critic Noël Burch wrote about **L'Argent** in 1968 in *Cahiers du Cinéma*:

"... An absolute masterpiece, one of the great films of cinema history, and in any case the most modern, incontestably, of all silent films."

It is, truly, an astonishing work.

Geoffrey Minish

Notes from the New Cinema

The second program of West Coast films did not live up to the general excellence of the first, but the best film, **Window Wind Chimes**, by Vincent Grenier (a Canadian filmmaker who had been living in San Francisco and now makes his home in New York), explores in semi-documentary manner the interrelationship between himself and his wife Ann Knutson in the environment of their San Francisco apartment. Conversations between them consist of fragments of arguments, apologies, affections and distillations of the personal rituals that take place between man and wife. The film begins outside the apartment in a laundromat with a tour-de-force performance by George Kuchar rattling off at the mouth about windchimes, Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller: a character obsessed by something or other trying to make contact with the surrounding world and never succeeding. The scene changes to the apartment where Ann and Vincent play taunting games with each other, teetering on the edge of cruelty, games of power-playing and unresolved husband-wife tensions. In most instances he is the instigator, and she remains on the defensive. In one scene, an ironic game

> "The comic directors are Jewish but the serious American directors today are Catholic, or Catholic *manqué*, their background is Catholic. This reflects a change in our society. America is no longer working in terms of the Protestant ethic. We have begun to accept a sense of sin, a sense that perhaps everything is not going to work out. These directors with a Catholic background speak to us more directly than the Protestants do, they speak to us on a deeper emotional level."
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> — Pauline Kael

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is played on the viewer while the conversations continue off screen. What appears to be a vast expanse of snow in closeup, is revealed to be only a white pie topping. The camera does not so much follow the action of what is taking place, but rather concentrates on the environment of furniture, walls, windows, floor tiles, etc. There also seems to be the possibility of an imminent invasion by the bright light of the sun which threatens to wipe out everything. **Window Wind Chimes** combines the best elements of straight documentary with a very personal and poetic vision.

The Desperate and the Deep is a film by George Kuchar and the students of the San Francisco Art Institute (where George teaches). As a student film, it contains the surface visuals of a Kuchar film, but without any of the feeling that underlines George's work. The trouble with it is that it is a parody of a parody, the original parody being, in this case, a satire on a Hollywood melodrama-at-sea scenario. Outrageously false special effects and murky Von Sternberg lighting make up the visual style of the film. The comic-book soap-opera script, with its simply awful acting, force the film to have a style that is at least consistent. Paper seagulls and water thrown on camera from an off-screen bucket signify the ocean. The sound track consists of excerpts from **The Day the Earth Stood Still** underlying the various sequences which include as subject matter: an Egyptian mummy, a hurricane, a vomit, a marriage break-up, an only son's hostility, and a suicide. These constitute the "troubled relationships aboard a steamship to Egypt." As an imitation Kuchar it's pretty good. One only wishes it was a total Kuchar film with his unique talent for creating evocative atmosphere no matter how preposterous the events described. In some ways George's own films are not parodies at all, they are honest expressions of his own inner feelings in the disguise of humor and satire.

Nudes by Curt McDowell, the last film on the program, consists of a series of portraits of his close friends, highly stylized and full of the kind of sexual explicitness that tends to turn the subjects into impersonal objects. He constantly projects his own sexual fantasies onto the images of others, which removes any sense of true portraiture. A few of the segments are without this kind of exploitation and they are quite fine, but the pornographic sections just do not jell with the rest of the film and one is left with a film in conflict with itself. There is an attempt, by the use of romantic music on the track, to somehow try to blend the two elements together, but for me they never make it.

Lest one get the impression that I do not usually care for McDowell's films, I must add that I recently viewed his **True Blue and Dreamy** and regard it as a fine film and one of his best. Next issue I will discuss this film, plus **Hommage to Magritte** by Anita Thacher and various others of the new season's films showing in New York at the Independent Showcases (Whitney Museum, Museum of Modern Art, Film Forum, Millenium Film Workshop and Anthology Film Archives).

Bob Cowan

Letter from L.A.

Wheelies of the new cycle

There hasn't been any new culture for a while now. We seem to be recycling and using up the remains of past cultures. New movies are slick homages to, and idealizations of, old movies. The rock stars of the 60s, instead of exploring new directions, are releasing old previously-unreleased materials. The two most popular mediums of the past decade seem bereft of new directions.

For drama, it is hard to compete with the media coverage of such street theater events as the Patty Hearst case and the two "live" attempts to assassinate Gerald Ford. Movies which try to deal with the present or the recent past, like **Nashville** and **Dog Day Afternoon**, are automatically artificial and passé, imitating live media coverage, but with the predictability of scripted liberal rhetoric.

It takes too long for a major studio to get a film from the point of conception to the neighborhood screen. Therefore, major studios are wary of tackling contemporary subjects out of fear of becoming obsolete before release. Network TV is better equipped to deal quickly with contemporary themes, but is hamstrung by conservative guidelines.

The low budget exploitation movies of Roger Corman's New World Pictures deal provocatively with contemporary themes, with a minimum conception-to-release time span, through the covert seriousness of directors like Jonathan Demme, Jonathan Kaplan, and Andrew Meyer. In their lack of pretension, these low budget quickies often seem more direct and exploratory than the expensive B-movies (**Jaws**, **The Wind and the Lion**, or **Hard Times**) made by those young directors tilting the high stakes of the majors.

As in its origins, the Hollywood cinema is again a young medium. This cinema has gone through one complete cycle and is

*Bob Cowan, an award-winning Canadian filmmaker now working out of New York, has just completed **Interceptions** (30 mins.) and **One Hundred Chinese Opera Masks** (4 mins.). He is currently at work on another project: **Famous Fantastic Mysteries**.*

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again at a starting point. The old masters are now all gone. The cinema had matured as they had matured. That cinema died in the late 60s. The last great works of that cinema were marked with the eccentric wisdom of old men's vision. The young directors today are making ambitious, but young movies — young in the sense of being green, beginners, talented people with a lot to learn. Modesty might be more becoming to these directors, but the high-pressure studio system doesn't think it has time for modesty. The personnel of the new Hollywood cinema may be in a process of rejuvenation, but the resultant movies seem like imitations of old men's eccentricities. Hopefully, these directors have long careers ahead of them in which to evolve a new cycle of moviemaking. One single screening last summer of Bresson's profoundly original **Lancelot du Lac** was enough to make me forget all recent Hollywood movies as shallow trivia by comparison. On the other hand, contemporary news events fully capture my attention.

Media coverage, by its nature, remains an outside observer. Movies are free to take advantage of more subjective points-of-view. Yet, when an objectivity of observation is applied to movies, as in the historical films of Roberto Rossellini, a great authenticity and immediacy can be applied to staged events. With this perspective, movies are well equipped to make sense of the past, even the recent past. Rossellini rigorously eschews the emotional manipulation of the subjective use of movies. **Nashville**, too, is at its best at its least manipulative. But even the austere Rossellini cannot escape the magic seduction of his images, the ultimate mystery of aesthetic vision.

There is too much manipulation and too little magic in most current Hollywood productions. The mechanical montages of **Jaws** are effective, but hardly magic. The watchful eye of the multi-million dollar production calculates too cruelly. The totalitarian cinema of the studios is both barren and truly scary.

In Jonathan Kaplan's **White Line Fever**, the magic moments stand out. Kaplan has mastered the genre conventions to a par with Raoul Walsh, just as it might be said that Steven Spielberg's montages equal Hitchcock's in **The Birds**. But Kaplan finds time for a poetic travelling sequence that is not essential to the action, but gives visionary balance to equally effective violence scenes. There is also magic in an unexpected camera movement toward Jan-Michael Vincent to define his idealism. Kaplan has both skill and a conscience.

A director must invariably fight for those moments which will elevate genre conventions to a world-view open to magic. An unsympathetic editor has tried to pare Jonathan Demme's **Crazy Mama** down to the unoriginal-action-plus-nostalgia assignment that its producer wanted, but the director's struggle with his material remains apparent. Robert Thom's script is an unaffectionate social tract showing a bunch of dumb hicks freaking out in reaction to the cruel lie of the American dream. Thom is more interested in taking easy pot-shots at Americana than in defining sympathetic characters. Demme's biggest challenge, then, is to find time between sophomoric jokes and obligatory action to give a bunch of loser characters some compassionate dignity. The measure of his success lies in the sting of off-hand cruelty that is felt when characters die abrupt, unemphasized deaths. Demme avoids the traps of Thom's bitter liberal guilt with an unsentimental acceptance of existential meaninglessness. His characters attain freedom not so much through their rebellion as through their acceptance of the inevitable retaliation their rebellion will provoke. They are true revolutionaries. As in **Caged Heat**, Demme equates the chaos of the outlaw mentality with freedom — a concept wholly at odds with Robert Thom's cynical screenplay.

This tension between the intentions of the writer and the director is the classical conflict of collaborative art, in which the final statement is strengthened by the simultaneous expressions of two apparently contradictory points of view. The suppression of this contradiction makes only for the stultifying effectiveness of totalitarian art.

John H. Dorr

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

The U.S. Supreme Court, whose ruling that it was O.K. to show obscene films has resulted in a vast dung-heap of pornographic and semi-pornographic films aimed at the heavy-breathing chumps and knuckleheads for whom the movies have become brothels, this same Supreme Court has now ruled that it is also O.K. for teachers to beat children in school. The U.S. Supreme Court of *what*, exactly?

"Shades of Von Stroheim!" says a film trade paper. "Bernardo Bertolucci has completed his editing of **1900** to what he reportedly considers a proper running time — 5½ hours. Paramount, which bought the film for domestic release, currently has some executives in Europe viewing the cut, and nobody there has yet been available for comment." All of which was antedated by von Stroheim at Paramount half a century ago, with **The Wedding March** (not to mention **Greed**). It will be interesting to see what, if any, progress has been made since then.

Twentieth Century Fox, having brazenly plagiarized Sternberg's **The Blue Angel** via Edward Dmytryk's ridiculous "remake" of it (does anyone even remember the remake?), has done it again by permitting director Damiano Damiani to call some new effusion of his **The Devil is a Woman.** (Does anyone remember Damiani's *espèce de merde* which has the gall to call itself after one of the most ravishing films ever made?)

Films have today become so equated with the depiction of explicit sex that hardly anything gets shown that doesn't (as Jimmy Durante used to say) "get into da act." Even the highly praised **Barry Lyndon** pays tribute to the new "permissiveness" of the screen. Yet without this "permissiveness" it was once possible for *really* sophisticated films to charm audiences without having to show people walking around with their genitals hanging out, such as Bernard Deschamps' **Le Rosier de Madame Huson**, Lubitsch's **Kiss Me Again, Forbidden Paradise, So This is Paris** and **Trouble in Paradise,** Machaty's **Extase**, Dupont's **Variety**, Arthur Robison's **Warning Shadows**, Renoir's **Un Partie de Campagne** (the most sensuous of French films) and Preston Sturges' **The Lady Eve.** If we had "permissiveness" in those days, we might not have had films like them. Would the world then have been a better place without them? Is the world a better place *with* the current muck of pornographic films? And don't tell me that pornography is an old story that goes back to the erotic sculptures and paintings found at Pompeii. Those were precious relics of an ancient civilization now kept in a "secret room" at the National Museum in Naples, not flaunted in newspaper ads. In what museum will prints of **Exhibition, Deep Throat, The Devil in Miss Jones, The Story of Joanna** and all the rest of that dreck be kept for posterity? What "civilization" will these unedifying sights be relics of?

I previously mentioned in this column two exquisite films, neither of which occasioned any but the slightest notice here — the French **Lancelot of the Lake** by Bresson and the Russian **Pirosmani** by Georgy Shengelaia, from the Georgian Caucusus. One played a week, the other a single day... I tell the students of my film classes that in show business there's nothing more contemptible than that faceless mass of moviegoers who make of **Jaws** such a financial success that by comparison the immensely successful **Gone With the Wind** is a turgid flop and **The Birth of a Nation** isn't even in the running, while films like **Lancelot of the Lake** and **Pirosmani** go begging..

In my next column I will report on **Barry Lyndon**, but meanwhile I give readers of this column two quotes, *apropos*, to ponder — from St. Thomas Aquinas, "Beauty is the light from truth" (you will remember I quoted Thoreau on this subject last column), and Dostoievski, "Beauty will save the world" (quoted by Alexander Solzhenitsyn in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech.)

Why do the French do crap like

Exhibition and **Charlotte** and don't even think of doing films on Rodin, Sara Bernhardt, Diaghilev, Paul Poiret and the like? What happened to the light in *la ville lumière*?

If you don't expect a Welles film in his **F for Fake**, it may amuse you. It's a sort of pastiche made by him out of a documentary by François Reichenbach on the game of art forgery. I'd rather see **The Lady from Shanghai** or **The Magnificent Ambersons**, or even **Mr Arkadin**, again.

Alice Terry, who looked like a portrait by Boldini in the films of her husband, Rex Ingram (**The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Mare Nostrum, The Magician, The Garden of Allah,** etc.), admittedly was quite plain before Ingram saw her and then made us see her through his eyes. It's always like that — Dietrich through Sternberg's eyes, Elisabeth Bergner through Paul Czinner's eyes, Garbo through Mauritz Stiller's eyes, Lillian Gish through Griffith's, and so on.

Do any readers of this column know the risqué joke behind the gibberish song that Chaplin sings and pantomimes in **Modern Times**?

Did you know that Shostakovitch, after the death of his father, played the piano for silent movies in Russian nickelodeons to earn money for his piano studies? And that Harpo Marx used to play the piano in a brothel for clients who were waiting at the bar? They called him "The Professor." And that Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester once appeared in the title roles of a burlesque musical short of **Frankie and Johnny**?

The oft-repeated quote of D.W. Griffith, "Above all, my task is to make you see", is actually from Joseph Conrad. ("My task is to make you hear, to make you feel — it is, before all, to make you see.")

Donald Richie, in his book on the Japanese film, makes a brief passing reference to Sternberg's **Anatahan**, dismissing it for Sternberg having "lost his touch decades before" and for "its failure to win critical acclaim." "Decades before" can only mean at least 20 years before, no? During which Sternberg made **Shanghai Express, The Scarlet Empress, The Devil is a Woman**, and **The Shanghai Gesture**; and if "decades before" could also mean 25 or 30 years before, you can add **Dishonored, Morocco, The Blue Angel, Docks of New York, The Last Command** and **Underworld**. "Lost his touch decades before", indeed! And as for "its failure to win critical acclaim", if you'll send me a self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send you Xeroxes of quotes from the world reviews of the film — raves all — to set *that* straight. It's not enough to write a book, you have to make sense, too.

Picasso, seeing some children's drawings, once said, "It took me thirty years to learn to draw like that." I was reminded of it when I saw the children's drawings in DeeDee Halleck's early films, **Mini Movie Makers, Children Make Movies** and **The Mural On Our Street.** In the first two, they were right out of Norman McLaren's abstract doodles set to jazz — which they were shown to inspire them, Miss Halleck told me — and I know that McLaren would be hugely amused to see how good they were, and here they were engraving on film for the first time! It took Norman rather a long time to set his lines dancing to the rhythms of his mad little toccatas (or was it the other way around?). They animated blocks and paper cut-outs, too, just as he did. And you should see what they did with blotches and splotches set to some kind of dizzy sarabands. Charming it is to see such stuff, exhilarating, too, like a breath of fresh air. The latter film, about doing a mural, was the result of a visit to the zoo — giraffes, elephants and such. Well, you have to see what came out of it, that's all, you just have to see it. Good show, Miss Halleck, as always!

Herman G. Weinberg

Born in New York in 1908, Herman G. Weinberg first studied the violin, then arranged music for silent foreign films, and eventually subtitled over 400 French, German, Italian and other films. He began writing about films in 1929 and has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma *and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which is* The Complete Wedding March *(Little, Brown). Dwight MacDonald has called Herman Weinberg "the Boswell of the movies."*

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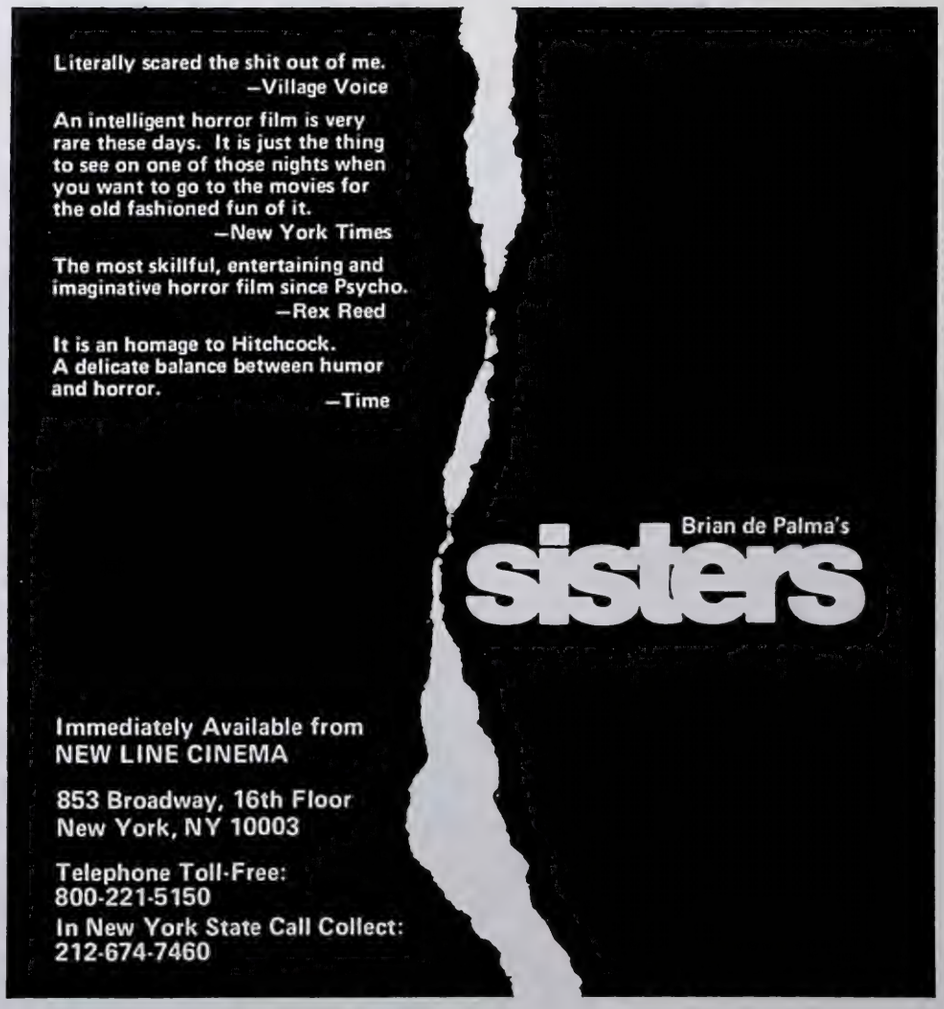
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Misc.

What Did He Say?

At the movies, it used to be that if you ever heard a voice behind you complaining "What did he say?" you could be certain it came from a senior citizen who was either hard of hearing or suffering from a momentary breakdown in his hearing aid. But lately the question is coming from younger citizens with sound eardrums. And it's not the only question. Other queries are breaking the peace of darkened theatres, befuddled cries of "Who is it?" and "What's going on?" These questions do not indicate a sudden lack of perception in today's audiences, but in more and more contemporary films, they simply show how sloppy some directors are becoming.

Take the example of **Freebie and the Bean**, a recent release starring Alan Arkin and James Caan, and directed by Richard Rush. In the opening scene, the two men, playing policemen, rummage through garbage looking for evidence that might convict a suspect. They talk "while" they rummage so that the rustling trash obscures their voices. To make matters worse, the camera, instead of following their faces while they speak, is sometimes set on the "garbage," thus drawing our attention away from possibly important words. When it comes to the actual dialogue, the two actors throw away their lines in a very casual, ad-lib way. "What did he say?"

A smart director should bend over backwards to help an audience understand the first five minutes of dialogue, not throw roadblocks in its way. Doesn't he want us to pick up the plot as quickly as possible so that he can proceed to the entertaining parts of the movie? As it turns out, **Freebie and the Bean** has a few good things in it: fast and comic car chases, suspenseful moments and a couple of surprising twists at the end. But if the audience is frustrated and angered at the beginning of the film because the director refuses to take care in the exposition, what chance is there that the production will be favourably received?

In the legitimate theatre, there are honoured rules about the presentation of dialogue. The actor, when speaking, is not supposed to turn his back to the audience because experience has proven that lip movements and facial expressions help to reinforce the words being spoken. Also, an actor trains diligently so that he can raise the volume of his voice without strain; his lines must reach the back of the theatre and the top of the balcony.

Another important rule involves pace. The actor slows down the speed of his speech just a shade below natural delivery to allow full comprehension by the audience. Of course, there can be excesses here too. This slower pace, in the extreme, turns into a singsong drawl and is often used to caricature the Shakespearean actor with thirty years of experience, but reduced pace is necessary in the theatre because of distance and distractions between the actor and his listeners.

In too many films today, the performers are not encouraged to follow the traditional rules. Directors permit them to mumble, speak quickly, or, worst of all, to speak at the same time as other actors. A good example of this occurs in **California Split**, directed by Robert Altman. In several scenes, characters speak and shout simultaneously. To add to the inaudibility, the stars, George Segal and Elliott Gould, seem to be making up their lines as they go along, so that there is a lot of overlapping as well.

The director's use of the camera is also making dialogue difficult to understand. Instead of simply cutting to an actor's face when he has a speech, many directors feel that they have to impose a visual style, which to our annoyance, works against the clarity of the narrative. For no good reason, the camera too often dwells on other characters, on the furniture, on the scenery, on anything but the speaker. In a particularly objectionable recent fad, before one scene is quite finished, the audience is listening to dialogue from the next scene.

This lack of "pointing" of the dialogue is evident in even big budget productions made by experienced men who should know better. In **The Godfather, Part II**, most of the indoor scenes are done on poorly lit sets in which the characters virtually whisper. No doubt director Coppola wants this "darkness" to parallel the villainy of the gang leaders. But the average viewer ends up being confused. If the characters are photographed in shadows, and they are directed to speak in hushed tones, you not only don't know what they're saying, you're not even sure who they are and what the plot is about. "Who is it?" "What's going on?"

A film director might argue that movies are not plays and that the old "legitimate" rules to assure audibility do not apply because the motion picture screen is so large and the sound reproduction so loud. The replies to this are numerous. First, a director should not count on ideal conditions even in this technological age (the sound systems of some cinemas are not the best; even worse are some of the distracting elements of the noisy, modern audience). Secondly, fuzzy dialogue usually remains fuzzy dialogue. Mumbles can't be properly recorded. Simultaneous screams become distorted noise. Electronic amplification doesn't help. Finally, it's the director's "duty" to see that every bit of dialogue is recorded clearly. Isn't he supposed to respect the screenplay's words? If he argues that some lines aren't important, then why not leave them out and give us pure action accompanied by music?

There is nothing so frustrating as a half-heard line. It makes you feel you're missing something, and of course you are, and it's not just some detail of plot, but more basically, the proper use of acting and film technique.

Allan Zielonka

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BOOK NEWS

Ohara Publications (1847 W. Empire Ave., Burbank, Calif. 91504; 213-843-4444) has published (in hard and soft covers) Bruce Lee's own book (his text, his illustrations) about the highly-personal martial arts style that he developed, *Tao of Jeet Kune Do*.

Bible Voice, P.O. Box 7491, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409, have brought out *New Star Over Hollywood*, all about the spiritual revival that they say is sweeping tinseltown.

The Canadian Film Institute announces the publication of their latest *Guide to Film and Television Courses in Canada*, a listing of the calendar entries for such courses from virtually every college and university in Canada. The booklet's available for $2 from the CFI at 75 Albert Street, Suite 1105, Ottawa, Ontario

Mizoguchi fans will be interested in a recently-published English translation of *Ugetsu Monogatari*, Ueda Akinari's collection of "Tales of Moonlight and Rain", which were the basis for Mizoguchi's classic film **Ugetsu**. (University of British Columbia Press, $12.50; In the U.S., Books Canada, $15.95).

REVIEWS

His Picture in the Papers (A Speculation on Celebrity in America, Based on the Life of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.), by Richard Schickel. Charterhouse. 1975. 171 pp. $5.95 (In Canada: Musson, $6.95)
Sweetheart (The Story of Mary Pickford) by Robert Windeler. Praeger. 1975. 256 pp. $7.95 (In Canada: Burns and MacEachern, $9.25)

When Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. married in 1920 both held positions of awesome power in an industry that had not yet entered its adolescence. A year before their still mythic romance was sealed they had combined economic forces by forming, together with their good friend Charles Chaplin and D.W. Griffith, the United Artists Corporation which through its network of production and distribution companies held out the promise of yearly incomes in the million-dollar range for each of its stars. That economic group marriage had become almost a necessity for, during the preceding five years since the movies had established their base in the new cultural capital of Hollywood, all three stars had developed such passionate and demanding audiences that none of the newly-minted moguls could afford to employ them.

Our fictional environment has become increasingly more demanding, more seductive than what we still humbly call our "reality". Pickford and Fairbanks were pioneers in this new fantasyland America.

They were "movie stars," yes, but they were something more as well. During the two decades before the coming of sound (and the Depression) marked the end of an era, both Pickford and Fairbanks (and Chaplin as well) had achieved and held a level of celebrity that has not really been matched since, and they were well and fairly paid for it. They were, as the old cliché has it, a kind of American royalty: personifications of our deepest communal hopes and desires, reflections of the body politic. Like the heroes Thomas Carlyle had written about in the last century — prophets and poets, priests, kings and men of letters — they were embodiments, not of what we were, but rather of what we wanted to be.

But Pickford and Fairbanks were — like all movie stars — different in kind as well as degree from the heroes who had preceded them. Their domain was fictional. During the years their careers embraced, American society had undergone a profound transformation which radically altered not only the way we live but also the way we think about ourselves. The change was deep because it was structural: the very matrix of our culture mutated as the mass media — first film, then radio — began to exercise their power on our collective consciousness; our *public* lives — the ones we have learned to live communally and vicariously — inexorably grew in significance as our private lives were diminished. Heroes had been famous for what they *did* or what they *were:* stars are famous, however, for the fictions they give us, for what they *pretend* to be or do. Over the years since, our fictional environment has become increasingly more demanding, more affective and more seductive than what we still humbly call our "reality". Pickford and Fairbanks were pioneers in this new fantasyland America. A heavy burden of meaning to place on the shoulders of what are, after all, only a couple of movie stars? Possibly, but during the last twenty years or so it has become almost imperative that public people — politicians, writers, priests and prophets — become performers so that a society conditioned to performance will be capable of taking them seriously. Doug and Mary showed the way.

The vocabulary we use to talk about this phenomenon (on the rare occasions when we do) is dull and devalued. The word "star" really tells us nothing of the complex, subtle and vital relationship that exists between our new performer-heroes and ourselves. Richard Schickel — in what I think is a very wise and insightful essay on the subject — prefers to call them "celebrities" and although this term is nearly as inflated from overusage, at least it has the advantage of giving us some sense of the religious element of celebration and ritual which underlies the whole phenomenon. Like priests, performers act out dramas of purgation for us all, but *un*like priests our contemporary media stars are required to live their roles as well as act them, and this, too, fascinates Schickel. He puts Fairbanks rather than Pickford at the focus of his study, because he feels he had a private personality which was uncannily close to his screen image, while his wife was forced to play an archetypal role that was increasingly separate from her "real" self. It was Pickford, after all, who tried (without much success) throughout her twenty-year career to take on more varied roles, to break through the stereotype which her audiences had forced upon her. The golden, spunky, virginal girl with the long sausage curls that Pickford portrayed on screen didn't really have much to do with the astute businesswoman we know her to have been, who calculatingly beat out both Fairbanks and Chaplin in the salary sweepstakes of the 'teens. Fairbanks,

meanwhile, was relatively happy with his baggage of swash and buckle. Happy-go-lucky, athletic, deeply-tanned Doug was just as dark and lithe and boistrous off-screen as on. In the end, I suppose, Fairbanks was free because he was male and Pickford was subject to the stereotyping that has haunted all women. (For years Mary Pickford was intent on destroying all the remaining prints of her films; only recently has she been convinced to re-release some of them.)

The standard biographies of performer-heroes (of which Mr. Windeler's reportage is one of the better examples) are usually rather puffy and appreciative, at best factual, but always supportive of the continuing myths of their subjects. Mr. Windeler gives us most of the facts about Mary Pickford's life and career (sometimes redundantly) but he doesn't seem to want to help us understand her unique and fascinating position in American cultural history. Pickford had a toughness and a strange intelligence that is only hinted at in ***Sweetheart***. What Schickel has accomplished, however, in his admittedly brief and tentative essay is of considerable value. He sees Fairbanks not only as person and actor, but also as cultural hero. As he explains, "what Fairbanks and the entire first generation of stars had to do, besides play their roles, was to serve as transitional figures in an era of revolutionary change in the media, change that was both creator and creation of a similar revolution in mass sensibility." Set in this vital and resonant context ***His Picture in the Papers*** is an evocative and judicious essay in cultural history.

James Monaco

Hanging On In Paradise, by Fred Lawrence Guiles. McGraw-Hill. 1975. 413 pp. $15.00. (In Canada: $16.95)

In Fred Lawrence Guiles' ***Hanging On In Paradise*** we find a turgid history of the Hollywood screenwriter, rambling from anecdote to anecdote, from an exegesis of one writer's screenplay to the story of another's vacation on the Riviera. The quips and thumbnail sketches about Guiles' favorites (Scott Fitzgerald, Dorothy Parker, Anita Loos, Charles Lederer, Robert Benchley and Charles McArthur) abound with witty morsels the author learned from his Hollywood contacts, but then the same could be said for the collected works of Rona Barrett or Louella Parsons. Both the subject and the lofty prose style of ***Hanging On In Paradise*** suggest pretensions beyond a fan-magazine treatment, but Guiles ultimately shows more interest in celebrity hijinks than in the screenplay itself. Predictably, Guiles ignores writers like William Faulkner and Raymond Chandler who avoided the Hollywood social whirl altogether. (Though they are included in the excellent "Selected Filmographies" by John E. Schultheiss appended to Guiles' work.)

Scott Fitzgerald and Dorothy Parker did in fact reign as pop stars during their lifetimes, so Guiles' insistence upon publicizing the writer-at-play is not without reasonable precedent. Both Fitzgerald and Parker wrote more and wrote better before they trudged out to Hollywood (Fitzgerald's wonderful *Last Tycoon* notwithstanding), but soon their faces became more prominent in *Photoplay* than were their names on screen credits. The screenwriter's normal cycle — drinking, partying, professional discouragement, and the final implicit choice between death and exile — is by now so familiar that Guiles' documentation of it flirts with redundancy.

Indirectly, however, Guiles makes us ask whether adulation for a Scott Fitzgerald is essentially different from the fascination others may feel for Jackie, Cher, Elton or Barbra. As biographers have poked increasingly into the bedrooms and beach houses of cultural heros, any distinction between the life and the work of creative people has become blurred. Fans hungry for biographical detail can now read about the couplings and uncouplings of the Bloomsbury group or of American theologians, and can rationalize their voyeuristic interest by claiming to be studying intellectual history or literature. Traditionally, writers rarely sought such acclaim. Guiles recognizes, however, that the Hollywood writers were among the first to attempt the cross-over

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from reclusive novelist to popstar; the intent of his book is to make stars of those who lived close to the stars. Finally, we are left wondering whether we care about the details — Charles Lederer's tennis game or Scott Fitzgerald's party manners — that naturally arise from such a star treatment.

Joel Thingvall

Women in Focus, by Jeanne Betancourt. Pflaum Publishing. (In Canada: Macmillan.) $11.35.

This is a resource book, compiled by a New York high school teacher and designed for teachers, librarians, A-V personnel, and women's groups. Its point of view is feminist, and the descriptions of films are more in terms of their "content and feminist aspects", rather than "their filmic qualities". Not a catalogue of films by women, it includes politically useful men's films such as Herbert Biberman's **Salt of the Earth**, Ousmane Sembene's **Black Girl**, and **Phoebe** by George Kaczender of the NFB.

The films are listed in alphabetical order by title, amounting to less than one hundred films in all. There are indexes by titles, filmmakers, themes, suggested programmes, and suitable combinations of shorts and features. The book's format leaves a lot to be desired, and omissions and faulty scholarship are rampant. Each film title is followed by a description, and only at the end do you find out whether the film is a feature or a short, documentary or fiction, who made it, etc. That's a little disconcerting for the reader, and I found myself skipping around trying to find the information I needed to make reading meaningful. (Only American distributors are listed, of course. Since many of the films aren't available in Canada, the *Women & Film International Festival Programme Notes* (1973) are still the most useful catalogue for Canadians. Incidentally, it lists nearly twice as many films, all by women, with short descriptions and Canadian distributors, as well as twenty-four bio/filmographies of major women filmmakers.)

Women in Focus is probably more useful for women's studies teachers and women's groups than for film teachers or scholars. But for both, there are serious omissions: no mention of Joyce Wieland, Freude Bartlett, Alice Guy Blache, Leni Riefenstahl, Olga Preobrajenskaia, Lotte Reineger, Marguerite Duras, Dorothy Arzner, Shirley Clarke, Barbara Loden, or Jacqueline Audry. Serious omissions, to say the least, for feminists as well as film scholars should be told about such major artists in a field where women are traditionally ignored. As for scholarship, too often dates and other significant information are omitted from filmographies, and sometimes whole films are forgotten: **Dr. Glas** (1968) is not included for Mai Zetterling, and only **Something Different** is listed for Vera Chytilova, although she's made four other features, including the magnificent (and feminist) **Daisies** (1966) and **Fruit of Paradise** (1971).

There's an annotated bibliography of feminist readings (and added to each film description is a suggested list of complementary texts). This bibliography is credited to Madeline Warren, who is soon to publish a book on women screenwriters, *The Women Who Wrote the Movies*. Listing mostly feminist, rather than film, writings, it omits the essential *Film Comment* (Nov.-Dec. 1972) with filmographies of 150 women directors, and the *Women & Film International Festival Programme Notes* (still available at $1.00 — a great bargain — from Women & Film, c/o Hummer House, 252 Robert St., Toronto).

As for criticism, ***Women in Focus*** seems naive both cinematically and politically. Betancourt sets a lot of store by realism and documentary; the search is on for "good models in screen images" and "real women"; eg. "the personal documentary is particularly suitable for the exposition of *real* women in film — women who face problems, live, and think out solutions, rather than women who only cause crises, bewitch, and wane." She distrusts symbolism, and has an innocent faith in "expos[ing] the process of the film form." Of David Abramson's **Crash** she writes: "At the end of the film you hear 'cut' and see a figure pass between the camera and Jan. After this Jan says, 'The thing I admire most would be honesty and sincerity.' The filmmakers are being honest and sincere, too, by exposing their form."

However, good points: ***Women in Focus*** gives pretty good advice about the uses for the films, and it's written honestly and sincerely (cough, cough). Betancourt has screened many of the films for her high school class, and reports the students' reactions as well as her own. Sample: "Audiences love [Madeline Anderson's] **I Am Somebody**. It is powerful and hopeful. Since it is easy to follow and inspirational, use it with any group above the seventh grade." And: Linda Jassim's "**Cycles** is disturbing and beautiful. For me it produced a catharsis, expressing deep fears of physical abuse and the strong primal desire to return to the sea, the womb. Use **Cycles** with mature audiences." Another plus are the photographs both from the films and of directors, and the book is quite handsomely, if pedestrianly, produced.

But those good points are small return for the price. A book like this is needed, but this isn't it. Not recommended.

Kay Armatage

Joel Thingvall reviews books regularly in Take One. *He is the film critic for Minneapolis's* Mpls. Magazine, *does film critiques for* Cinefantastique *and entertainment features for* Mediascene, *as well as being a produced playwright.*

Kay Armatage, a Take One *Contributing Editor, writes and teaches in Toronto.*

Jack Nicholson: Face to Face, by Robert David Crane and Christopher Fryer. M. Evans. 1975. $5.95 (In Canada: McClelland & Stewart, $6.75)

There has been a lack of serious work on the actor as star, the director having taken the bulk of critical attention. Writing done about actors usually surfaces in the form of hack biography, an outgrowth of the traditional studio bio, or in a Citadel Press-type *The Films of...* book. This kind of book sometimes ventures into a more thorough examination of the actor and his work but, more often than not, settles into being a pictured, film-by-film catalogue. Exceptions, such as Norman Mailer's *Marilyn*, are exceptions because the star is then no longer the actor, but the author.

Jack Nicholson: Face to Face is thus a refreshing change and a step in the right direction. Nicholson appears to be one of the most intelligent and lucid of actors. He is a likely and suitable candidate for such a study. The only real setback is that, because of the great demand for Nicholson's talent and his apparently incessant energy, the book is out-dated as soon as it appears. The filmography ends with **Chinatown**; since then, **The Passenger (Profession: Reporter)**, **The Fortune**, and **Tommy** have appeared. In fact, by the time this review appears, **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest** may have already premiered.

The book, for the most part, is a series of interviews with Nicholson's colleagues: actors, directors, writers, producers, and friends, two interviews with Nicholson himself framing this section of the book. The interviews are conducted competently, although they lack the dimension of a two-way (or since there were two interviewers, three-way) conversation. The section with Jeremy Larner was done by mail and, although we are told it is not so, so seem a number of the other interviews. The same questions are raised with each person, including the stock closing question, "Can you characterize Jack Nicholson in one sentence?"

If any of the interviews comes alive, however, it is Bruce Dern's. This is due mainly to the energy and color generated by Dern himself. Whereas a number of the other interviews become simple testimonials to Nicholson, Dern, while openly admiring his colleague, maintains a sense of balance and objectivity ("In **Carnal Knowledge**, he was very good, but a little lazy."). This interview's greatest value lies in the fact that Dern has been associated with Nicholson off and on since 1961 and is a parallel figure in the Hollywood system of the 1960s. What we have, then, in reading the Nicholson and Dern interviews, is not just a picture of these two specific actors, but also a representation of this particular type of performer — the one who made a living, and developed his craft, in B-movies.

There is an extensive and elaborate (over forty pages, illustrated) filmography which gives each of Nicholson's films from 1958 to the present virtually equal importance.

The most disturbing fault of the book is the apparent invisibility of the authors. Their "Commentary", which appears between the Interviews and the Filmography, is, fittingly, in the form of a dialogue. Unfortunately, Crane and Fryer are not conclusive or strong enough to support or contest opinions on Nicholson as an actor. In fact, their basic concern is not on style or meaning in Nicholson, but on the relative success of his films. The question of Nicholson's *personae* enters the argument, but only peripherally. Little consideration is given to the tradition out of which Nicholson came, relating him to Brando or Dean before him or comparing him to contemporaries such as Warren Oates, Dern, or Warren Beatty. Crane and Fryer do not come to grips with the question of what Jack Nicholson represents or what makes him special. The Commentary, then, becomes the least interesting and least valuable of the three sections of the book. It should have been the most.

Blaine Allan

Blaine Allan is a student and teaching assistant in the Department of Film Studies at Kingston's Queens University.

BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

This column lists new books, whether hardcover (H) or paperback (P), dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices (where differing from U.S. publisher and price) are noted in brackets as much as possible (in some cases, Canadian agencies don't find out until the very last minute whether or not they'll be importing a book, or at what price). All mass market paperbacks are the same price in both countries; some titles have no Canadian distribution.

The Abbott & Costello Book. By Jim Mulholland. Popular Library 1975. 254 pp. $3.95 (P). Biography and filmography.

The Academy Awards: A Pictorial History. By Paul Michael. Crown 1975. 380 pp. $9.95 (H). (General, $11.50). Third revised edition, updated through the 1974 ceremony.

Autobiography of a Princess. James Ivory, ed. Harper & Row 1975. 188 pp. $20.00 (H), $7.95 (P). (Fitz. & White., $25.00, $9.15). Memories of "Royal India" by director Ivory, plus Ruth Prawer

— cont'd. on page 50

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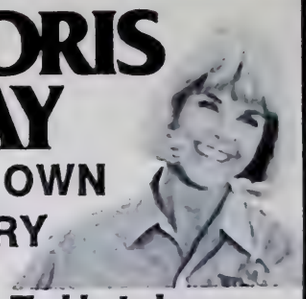
HER OWN STORY



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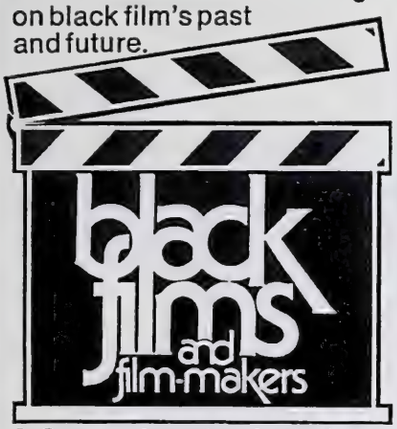

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Awards, Honors and Prizes. Paul Wasserman, ed. Gale 1975. 564 pp. $38.00 (H). (Vol. 1: U.S. & Canada). Entries include motion picture trophies.

Bring On the Empty Horses. By David Niven. Putnam 1975. 369 pp. $9.95 (H). (Longman, $11.75). The actor's memoirs, cont'd.

By a Stroke of Luck! By Donald Ogden Stewart. Two Continents 1975. 302 pp. $10.95 (H). The screenwriter's memoirs.

Change Lobsters — and Dance. By Lilli Palmer. Macmillan 1975. 320 pp. $8.95 (H). (Collier-Mac., $9.95). The actress's autobiography.

Chaplin, the Movies and Charlie. By David Jacobs. Harper & Row 1975. 143 pp. $6.95 (H). (Fitz. & White., $8.25). Chaplin explained to children.

The Compleat Motion Picture Quiz Book. By Harry D. and Yolanda L. Trigg. Doubleday 1975. 356 pp. $4.95 (P). ($5.50).

A Conversation with John Cassavetes. Anthony Leb, ed. Columbia College (Chicago) 1975. 16 pp. no price. A students' seminar.

Critical Focus. By Richard M. Blumenberg. Wadsworth 1975. 323 pp. $8.95 (P). An introduction to filmmaking techniques and film appreciation.

The Cubist Cinema. By Standish D. Lawder. New York U. Press 1975. 274 pp. $18.50 (H), $11.75 (P). Study of the influence of cubism on early avant-garde films.

Cut: The Unseen Cinema. By Baxter Phillips. Crown 1975. 111 pp. $2.95 (P). (Caravan, $4.95). Censorship in films.

The James Dean Story. By Ronald Martinetti. Pinnacle 1975. 175 pp. $1.50 (P).

The Electric Anthology. Don Allen, ed. Pflaum 1975. $4.95 (P). Sampling of popular culture in the mass media.

Elvis in Hollywood. By Paul Lichter. Simon & Schuster 1975. 188 pp. $12.95 (H), $6.95 (P). (Mussen, $14.95; Neo-Sonic, $7.98). The Presley saga.

Film Canadiana 1974-1975. David Goldfield and Piers Handling, eds. Canadian Film Institute 1975. 299 pp. $9.95 (P). Yearbook of the Canadian cinema.

The Filmic Moment. By Ralph J. Amelio. Pflaum 1975. 164 pp. $4.95 (P). Teaching film with excerpts from popular movies.

The Films of D.W. Griffith. By Edward Wagenknecht and Anthony Slide. Crown 1975. 276 pp. $12.95 (H). (General, $14.95). Pictorial and critical account of all of Griffith's feature films.

The Films of Howard Hawks. By Donald C. Wills. Scarecrow 1975. 235 pp. $8.50 (H).

A Fine Mess! Richard J. Anobile, ed. Crown 1975. 256 pp. $9.95 (H). (General, $11.50). "Verbal and visual" gems from Laurel & Hardy films.

John Ford. By Joseph McBride and Michael Wilmington. Da Capo 1975. 234 pp. $4.95 (P).

From Sambo to Superspade. By Daniel J. Leab. Houghton Mifflin 1975. 301 pp. $15.00 (H). (Thos. Allen, $18.95). The Black experience in films.

Jolie Gabor. As told to Cindy Adams. Mason/Charter 1975. 315 pp. $9.95 (H). Mama Gabor's life story.

The Greatest Star. By René Jordan. Putnam 1975. 253 pp. $7.95 (H). (Longman, $9.50). An unauthorized biography of Barbra Streisand.

Guide to Location Information. Dale J. Coons, ed. Ass'n of Motion Picture and Television Producers 1975. unpaged. $10.00 (P). Compilation of U.S. local contacts and procedures for filming permits.

Hollywood and LeVine. By Andrew Bergman. Holt Rinehart Winston 1975. 216 pp. $6.95 (H). ($8.00). Hollywood politics-cum-mystery novel.

The Hollywood Posse. By Diana Serra Cary. Houghton Mifflin 1975. 268 pp. $8.95 (H). (Thos. Allen, $10.75). How real cowboys settled in Hollywood.

Hollywood's Other Women. By Alex Barris. Barnes 1975. 212 pp. $15.00 (H). (Smithers & Bonellie, $20.00). Study of various female roles.

How to Make It In Hollywood. By Wende Hyland and Roberta Haynes. Nelson-Hall, Chicago 1975. 237 pp. $8.95 (H). Interviews with film personalities.

Indian Films 1974. B.V. Dharap, ed. Motion Picture Enterprises (Poona, India) 1975. 500 pp. £ 2.50. Statistical information on Indian film market, production, distribution, imports, awards, personalities, etc.

Laurel & Hardy. By John McCabe. Dutton 1975. 400 pp. $25.00 (H). (Clarke, Irwin, $30.00).

Let the Chips Fall... By Rudy Vallée. Stackpole 1975. 317 pp. $8.95 (H). (McLeod). The crooner's memoirs.

Life Goes to the Movie. David E. Sherman, ed. Time-Life 1975. 304 pp. $19.95 (H). (McClelland & Stewart). Film reviews and articles from the magazine.

Liza! By James Robert Parish and Jack Ano. Pocket Books 1975. 176 pp. $1.50 (P). Unauthorized biography of Liza Minnelli.

Method to the Madness. Dick Atkins, ed. Prince 1975. 207 pp. $7.95 (H). Bringing order to the film business.

The MGM Story. By John Douglas Eames. Crown 1975. 384 pp. $25.00 (H). (General). The history of the studio and the films it produced.

Movie-Made America. By Robert Sklar. Random House 1975. 341 pp. $12.95 (H). ($14.95). A history of American movies.

Movie Making. By Sumner Glimcher and Warren Johnson. Columbia U. Press and Pocket Books 1975. 236 pp., $9.95 (H); 288 pp., $1.45 (P). A basic guide to film production.

Movie Stars in Bathtubs. Jack Scagnetti, ed. Jonathan David 1975. 160 pp. $12.95 (P). (Negev, $15.75).

The Movies on Your Mind. By Harvey R. Greenberg, MD. Saturday Review Press 1975. 273 pp. $10.95 (H), $4.95 (P). (Clarke, Irwin, $13.25, $5.95). A psychoanalyst's view of the movies.

The Moving Picture Book. By William Ku-

hns. Crown 1975. 292 pp. $7.95 (P). Teaching film appreciation.

Musical Stages. By Richard Rodgers. Random House 1975. 341 pp. $12.50 (H). ($14.95). Autobiography of the theatrical and film composer.

My Life in Pictures. By Charlie Chaplin. Grosset & Dunlap 1975. 320 pp. $19.95 (H). (Clarke, Irwin, $24.95). Collection of photographs.

The Nostalgia Quiz Book #3. By Martin A. Gross. Arlington 1975. 352 pp. $8.95 (H). (Dent, $10.25).

The Novel and the Cinema. By Geoffrey Wagner. Fairleigh Dickinson U. Press 1975. 394 pp. $15.00 (H). Film's dependence on fiction.

Periodical Holdings 1974. Gillian Barrett, ed. BFI 1975. 80 pp. 65p. (P). Listing of film periodicals held by the British Film Institute.

Personal Filmmaking. By James Piper. Prentice-Hall 1975. 285 pp. $12.95 (H). ($14.50). Filmmaking course for students.

Rainbow. By Christopher Finch. Grosset & Dunlap 1975. 255 pp. $14.95 (H), $6.95 (P). (McLeod). The life of Judy Garland.

Robert Redford. By Dr. Donald A. Reed. Popular Library 1975. 171 pp. $3.95 (P).

Savage Cinema. By Rick Trader Witcombe. Crown 1975. 95 pp. $2.95 (P). (Caravan, $4.95). Violence in films.

Schmock-Schmock! By Steve Allen. Doubleday 1975. 189 pp. $6.95 (H). ($7.75). Samples of the comedian's humor.

Screen World 1975. By John Willis. Crown 1975. 256 pp. $9.95 (H). (General, $11.50). Vol. 26 in the series, surveying all films shown in the U.S. during 1974.

Screwball. By Larry Swindell. Morrow 1975. 324 pp. $8.95 (H). (McLeod, $10.50). The life of Carole Lombard.

Sinners and Show-Offs. By Larry Bonko. Donning 1975. 236 pp. $7.95 (H). Interviews and articles by the show-biz columnist.

Soundtrack: The Music of the Movies. By Mark Evans. Hopkinson & Blake 1975. 303 pp. $10.00 (H), $6.50 (P). The history and technique of scoring, and its prominent practitioners.

The Spoken Seen. By Frank D. McConnell. Johns Hopkins U. Press 1975. 195 pp. $11.95 (H), $2.95 (P). (Copp-Clark). Film and the romantic imagination.

Stars in My Eyes... Stars in My Bed. By Nancy Bacon. Pinnacle 1975. 216 pp. $1.75 (P). Hollywood hi-jinks.

Star Trek Lives! By Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Sondra Marshak and Joan Winston. Bantam 1975. 275 pp. $1.95 (P). Facts and anecdotes about the TV series.

The Jacqueline Susann Story. By Jeffrey Ventura. Award 1975. 170 pp. $1.50 (P). The novelist's biography, inc. her Hollywood experiences.

The Shirley Temple Scrapbook. By Loraine Burdick. Jonathan David 1975. 160 pp. $12.95 (H). (Negev, $15.75).

Three Films. By Jean-Luc Godard. Harper & Row 1975. $8.50 (H), $4.95 (P). (Fitz. & White., $9.80, $5.70). Screenplays of **A Woman Is a Woman, A Married Woman, Two or Three Things I Know About Her.**

The Times We Had. By Marion Davies. Bobbs-Merrill 1975. 276 pp. $12.50 (H). (Thos. Allen, $14.95). The actress's life with W.R. Hearst.

Tom Mix Died for Your Sins. By Darryl Ponicsan. Delacorte 1975. 300 pp. $8.95 (H). (Beaver Books, $10.50). Novel based on the life of the cowboy star.

We're Going to Make You a Star. By Sally Quinn. Simon & Schuster 1975. 256 pp. $7.95 (H). (General, $8.95). From *The Washington Post* to CBS anchorwoman and back.

Winchell Exclusive. By Walter Winchell. Prentice-Hall 1975. 332 pp. $8.95 (H). ($9.95). Posthumous memoirs of the Broadway columnist.

Women's Films in Print. Bonnie Dawson, ed. Booklegger Press (555 29th Street, San Francisco, CA 94131) 1975. 165 pp. $4.00 (P). An annotated guide to 800 films by women.

Young Judy. By David Dahl and Barry Kehoe. Mason/Charter 1975. 250 pp. $9.95 (H). Judy Garland's young years.

George L. George

George L. George, for many years a film director, with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is a book reviewer for several film magazines, and — in the days of WWII — was Production Manager at the National Film Board until he reorganized production and abolished his function. He then became a director for the World in Action *unit.*

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INFO

BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

Airport. UNI.
Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore. WB.
Anatahan. US:TWY.
Animals in Motion. US:SBC
Antonia — A Portrait of the Woman. CAN:ITE.
April in Paris. WB.
At Long Last Love. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Ballad of Josie. UNI.
Barry Lyndon. WB*
Beyond the Valley of the Dolls. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Black Moon. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Black Rose. US:FI.
The Blue Angel. CAN:CPX. US:CLW.
À Bout de Souffle. CAN:AST. US:CMH.
Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia. UA.
By the Light of the Silvery Moon. WB.
Caged Heat. CAN:IFD. US:NWP.
Calamity Jane. CAN:WB. US:TWY.
California Split. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Caprice. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Children Make Movies. US:CMH.
La Chinoise. CAN:PR. US:NYF.
Cooley High. CAN:AST. US:AIP.
Crazy Mama. US:NWP.
Death Race 2000. US:NWP.
Deux ou Trois Choses Que Je Sais d'Elle. CAN:PR. US:NYF
The Devil is a Woman. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Devil's Rain. US:BRY.
The Disorderly Orderly. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Dog Day Afternoon. WB*
Do Not Disturb. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Down to the Sea in Ships. US:KIL.
Eadweard Muybridge. CAN:DAB.
Extase. CAN:MMP. US:CMH.
Faster Pussycat Kill, Kill! CAN:CPX. US:RON.
The Firemen's Ball. CAN:CAR. US:CS.
14 Hours. US:FI.
Freebie and the Bean. WB.
From Hell to Texas. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Glass Bottom Boat. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Grapes of Wrath. CAN:ITE. US:FI.
The Godfather, Part II. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Hearts and Minds. US:RBC.
Hester Street. CAN.CRI.
The House on 92nd Street. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
How the West Was Won. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
In Celebration. US:AFT.
L'Invitation. CAN:FAR.
It Happened to Jane. CAN:AST. US:TWY.
It's a Great Feeling. CAN:WB. US:UA.
Jaws. UNI*
Julie. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Jumbo. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Just Before Nightfall. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Kiss of Death. US:MMA.
Lacombe Lucien. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Lady Eve. US:UNI.
Lancelot of the Lake. CAN:CAR. US:NYF.
Legend of the Lost. US:UA.
The Lives of a Bengal Lancer. UNI.
Love Me or Leave Me. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Lover Come Back. UNI.
Lucky Me. CAN:WB.
The Lullaby of Broadway. CAN:WB.
The Man Who Knew Too Much. CAN:ITE. US:CMH.
The Man Who Would Be King. CAN:IFD* US:HCW*
MASH. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Le Mépris (Contempt). CAN.IFD. US.MAB.
Midnight Lace. CAN:UNI. US:CIN.
Mini Movie Makers. US:ACI
Move Over Darling. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Mural on Our Street. US:CMH.
My Dream is Yours. US:UA.
Napoleon. CAN:LAP.
Nashville. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Niagara. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Night Moves. WB*
Nudes. US:CCC?
Of Human Bondage. CAN:NCE. US:FI.
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. UA*
One P.M.. US:NYF.
Out of the Past. CAN:AST. US:FI.
Pajama Game. US:WB.
The Passenger. UA*
Phantom India. US:NYF.
Pierrot Le Fou. CAN:AST. US.CMH.
Pillow Talk. UNI.
Please Don't Eat the Daisies. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Prince Valiant. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Q-Planes (Clouds Over Europe). CAN:TEL. US:IVY.
Raid On Rommel. UNI.
Rancho Deluxe. UA.
The Real Glory. CAN:BEL. US:MAB.
Romance on the High Seas. US:UA.
The Round-Up. CAN:FAR. US:MAB.
Royal Flash. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Seduction of Mimi. CAN:CAR. US:NLC.
Send Me No Flowers. UNI.
Seven Thieves. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Shivers. CAN:CPX* US:AIP*
Shootout. UNI.
Smile. UA.
So This is Paris. CAN:UNI. US:UA.
The Sons of Katie Elder. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Storm Warning. CAN:WB.
The Story of Adele H. CAN:AMB* US:NWP*
Supervixens. RMF.
Swept Away. US:CS.
Taking Off. UNI.
Tea For Two. CAN:WB.
Teacher's Pet. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. CAN:AST. US:BRY.
That Touch of Mink. CAN:UNI. US:IVY.
Thieves Like Us. UA.
The Thrill of It All. CAN:UNI.
Tout Va Bien. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. UNI.
The Trial of Billy Jack. TLC.
Trouble in Paradise. UNI.
True Grit. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
The Tunnel of Love. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Ugetsu. CAN:NCE. US:JAN.
Une Partie de Campagne. CAN:FAR. US:CMH.
Variety. CAN:CFI. US:JAN.
Warning Shadows. CAN:CFI. US:MMA.
The Way of All Flesh. US:UNI.
Weekend. CAN:NCE. US:GR.
West Point Story. CAN:WB.
Where Were You When the Lights Went Out? CAN:BEL. US:FI.
White Line Fever. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
The Wind and the Lion. CAN:BEL* US:FI*
Wind From the East. CAN:PR. US:NLC.
Window Wind Chimes. CCC?
The Winning Team. CAN:WB.
With Six You Get Eggroll. CAN:AST. US:ARC.
Xala. US:NYF.
The Yakuza. WB.
The Young at Heart. US:MAB.
Young Man With a Horn. CAN:WB. US:MAB.

* 16mm prints may not be currently available. While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any mis-information given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

ACI. ACI Films Inc., 16 West 46th St., NYC 10036.
AFT. American Film Theater, 1350 Ave. of the Americas, NYC 10019.
AIP. American International Pictures, 9033 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. 90211.
AMB. Ambassador Films, 88 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto M4P 1B8.
ARC. Arcus Films, 1225 Broadway, NYC 10001.
AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
BEL. BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto M5B 1B6.
BRY. Bryanston Distributors, 630 Ninth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.
CS. Cinema Five, 595 Madison Ave., New York N.Y. 10022.
CAR. Cine-Art Film Distributing, 1204 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal H2L 2G9.
CCC. Canyon Cinema Coop, Room 220, Industrial Center Bldg., Sausalito, CA 94965.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa K2A 2H7.
CIN. Cinerama Releasing, 141 So. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90048.
CLW. Clem Williams Films Inc., 5424 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639.
CMH. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.
CPX. Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal, H4P 2C8.
CRI. Criterion Films, 2310 Bonny Ave., Montreal H4B 2R4.

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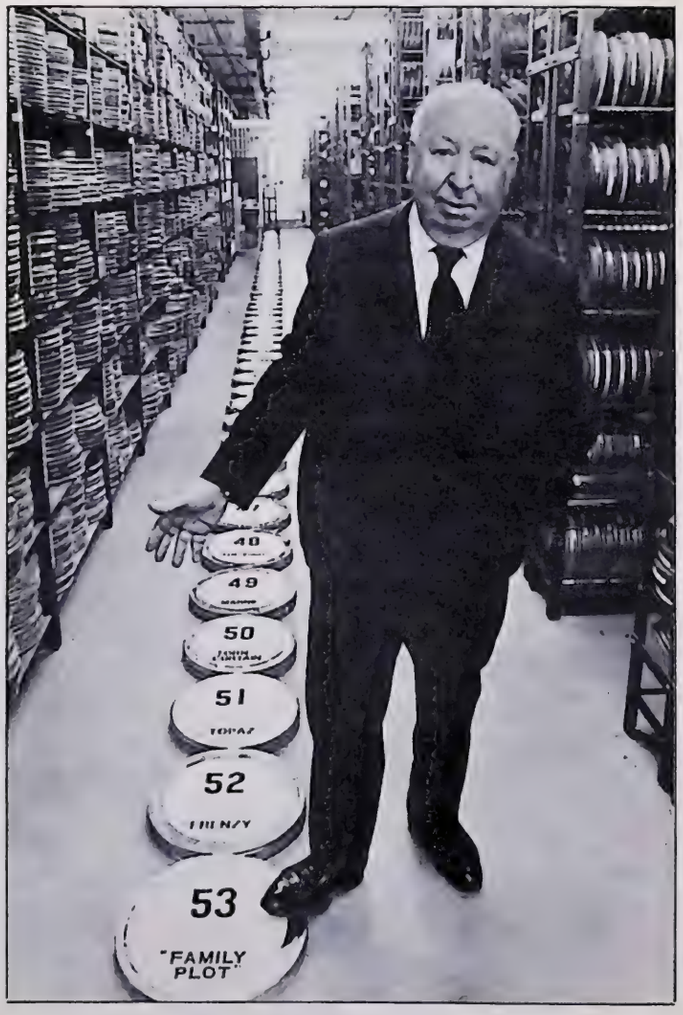

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

A very special, double-sized issue to salute Alfred Hitchcock on the occasion of his 53rd feature film. Articles, reviews, interviews, lots of photos, and statements from people who have worked with "Hitch". A collector's item for sure.

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FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal. H2Y 1G6.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
GR. Grove Press Films, 53 East 11th St., NYC 10022.
HCW. Hurlock Cine World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto M4W 1A1.
ITE. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto M6M 2P5.
IVY. Ivy Films, 165 W. 46th St., NYC 10022.
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
KIL. The Killiam Collection, 6 East 39th St., NYC 10016.
LAP. Lapointe Films, 4651 rue St. Denis, Montreal 176.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.
MMA. Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont. L5G 1C9.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NLC. New Line Cinema, 853 Broadway, NYC 10003.
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90069.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
PR. Prima Films, Suite 205, 135 Sherbrooke St. E., Montreal, Que.
RBC. RBC Films, 933 North La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038.
RMF. RM Films International, P.O. Box 3748, Hollywood, CA 90028.
RON. Roninfilm, 43 West 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.
SBC. Serious Business Co., 1609 Jaynes St., Berkeley, CA 94703.
SWK. Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.
TEL. Telegenic, 214 Merton St., Toronto M4S 1A6.
TLC. Taylor-Laughlin Dist. Co., 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal. 90230.
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto M4S 2B9 and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2J 4A1, and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto M5B 1L7 and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE NEWS

Hemisphere Pictures Inc. (445 Park Ave., NYC 10022; 212-759-8707) announces the availability, in 16mm and 35mm, of their **Swingin' Entertainment Package** — eleven "sexploitation" features (like **The Swingin' Stewardesses** and **The Young Seducers**).

Contemporary/McGraw-Hill Films have a new Feature Films catalog (279 16mm features available in the U.S.). Among the new additions: Ford's **Cheyenne Autumn,** Lang's **The Big Heat,** and Reed's **The Third Man.** Copies available from the company at Princeton Road, Hightstown, NJ 08520.

Dabara Films is a newly-formed, independent Canadian distributor (with Sharon Singer as Gen'l Mgr.), based at 367 Queen St. W., Toronto M5V 2A4 (416-362-7672). Among their initial 18 titles are Bellochio's **In the Name of the Father** and **Eadweard Muybridge, Zoopraxographer** (reviewed this issue). They're actively seeking Canadian films, too, of course — both shorts and features.

Some recent new acquisitions by Audio Brandon Films (34 MacQuesten Pkwy. S., Mount Vernon, NY 10550; 914-664-4277): Jean Renoir's **La Chienne,** and seven rare early films by Luis Bunuel (among them **The Great Madcap** and **The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz**).

Nine of Lillian Schwartz's multiple-award-winning computer-graphics films are now available for sale or rental in 16mm, including **Pixillation** (1970), **U.F.O.'s** (1971), and **Enigma** (1972). Write Lilyan Productions, 524 Ridge Road, Watchung, NJ 07060.

The 16mm distributor Ivy Film (165 West 46th St., NYC 10036; 212-765-3940) announces that its entire 3000-film library will soon be available for rental on Super-8 film and videocassette. Included are titles like **High Noon, Betty Boop** and **Visit to a Small Planet.**

Universal/16 (445 Park Ave., NYC 10022) announces the new release of Frank Capra's **State of the Union** (starring Hepburn and Tracy). They are also now distributing a longer version of Orson Welles' **Touch of Evil,** which includes 15 minutes of footage cut from the film prior to its 1958 theatrical release. In the same vein, their prints of **Blonde Venus** include an introductory sequence previously missing from all 16mm prints.

Hurlock Cine World (13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, CN 06870; 203-637-4319), 16mm distributors of **Papillon,** have finally obtained a correction from *TV Guide,* which had erroneously announced that the film would be telecast by CBS this season. In fact, the film will not be on tv until 1978, so if you want to see it, you'll have to rent it in 16mm!

Our friends at the Center for Southern Folklore (1216 Peabody Ave., P.O. Box 4081, Memphis, TN 38104; 901-522-9433) have some new 16mm films for sale and rental, including **Fannie Bell Chapman: Gospel Singer, I Ain't Lying: Folktales from Mississippi,** and **Give My Poor Heart Ease: Mississipi Delta Bluesmen** (with interviews and music by James "Sonny Ford" Thomas and B.B. King).

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

Entries are invited (deadline April 9) for the **Refocus '76 Film Festival.** Information: Craig Bernhardt, IMU, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52242.

Entry deadline is March 1 for the third annual **Philadelphia International Film Festival** (April 6-11), and the organizers are seeking feature-length films that haven't shown commercially in Philadelphia. More info c/o Walnut Street Theatre, 9th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, PA 19107 (215-629-0470).

Also in Philadelphia, Temple University will be holding its seventh **Conference on Visual Anthropology** (March 10-13), bringing together people interested in the scientific/humanistic uses of sound and image-producing technologies for the study and portrayal of the human condition. Registration fee is only $20. Write Jay Ruby, COVA, Dept. of Anthropology, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122 (215-787-7601).

The **Geneva College Film Competition** is looking for 16mm or Super-8 student-made films (deadline April 11) with "a Christian view of life". There's a $50 prize. Write Benjamin Hale, Jr., at the GCFC, Beaver Falls, PA 15010.

The **Toronto Super-8 Film Festival** (April 1-4) is seeking all sorts of Super-8 movies: animation, documentary, dramatic, etc. There'll be prizes. Entry forms from the Festival, c/o Cinema Lumiere, 290 College Street, Toronto, Ontario. The deadline is March 22.

This year's **Society for Cinema Studies Annual Conference** will be held (April 23-25) at the University of Vermont, with the theme "The American Film". Additional information from: Frank Manchell, University of Vermont, Dept. of Communication and Theater, Burlington, VT (802-656-3214).

Entry deadline is March 1 for the **Washington State Student Film Contest and Festival,** open to all 8mm films made by students in Washington, Idaho, Montana and Alaska. Winners will automatically be entered in the National Student Film Festival. Entry forms: Dr. William D. Schmidt, Audiovisual Div., Central Washington State College, Ellensburg, WA 98926.

The 18th annual **Rochester International Amateur Film Festival** is to be held May 1 (entries by March 20). 8mm and 16mm films by amateurs and professionals are eligible. Movies on a Shoestring, P.O. Box 3360, Rochester, NY 14614.

The second international **Festival of Women's Films** will take place in New York Sept. 13-26. Festival directors Kristina Nordstrom and Leah Laiman are encouraging women throughout the world to submit their films for possible inclusion (the final program will include 14 features and 14 programs of shorts). Films of any length on any subject, directed by women (except films made for industrial, publicity or advertising purposes) are eligible, providing they're in 16mm or 35mm. For further information about the Festival (and the accompanying Conference), contact the Festival of Women's Films, 36 West 62nd Street, New York, NY 10023 (212-247-1260).

The Bijou Film Society is holding its annual convention — **Movie/Expo '76** — at Universal Studios May 14-16. Film hobbyists, collectors and historians will be able to attend screenings, seminars, parties and browse among dealers' displays. Details from: Randy L. Neil, Executive Secretary, The Bijou Society, 7800 Conser Place, Shawnee-Mission, Kansas 66204 (913-649-3666).

Misc.

Congratulations... you are one of the lucky 500 Sixth Prize Winners in the "Billy Jack vs. The Critics" Sweepstakes. Your prize, a convenient Lloyd's Deluxe AM Pocket Radio is being sent to you under separate cover...

Ever since I won $25 in 1963, my senior year of high school, for writing an essay on "The Home Is the Heart and the Hope of the Nation," I have had to wage a constant battle against the temptation to write lies for money.

It got worse the next year, when a friend entered the same contest — sponsored by a real estate association — and in the middle of the essay, for no other reason than senior year impetuosity, injected the non sequitur, "mad jackals leap high." Apparently the judges felt it was quite literary, because he won the first prize of $100.

So when the Billy Jack vs. The Critics Contest came along, offering $25,000 cash to the person who could best explain why critics are out of touch with the movie audience, it was an uphill fight that went downhill from the very beginning.

The problem was, I felt that Billy Jack, in taking on the critics in his typically gutsy way, was making an ass out of himself. This was a feeling, I thought, that would have to be severely repressed. I happen to enjoy reading film reviews and Billy Jack probably uses them to wipe his armpits after karate practice. But $25,000 is a fair price for the equivalent of a 60-second radio spot, and I started searching. I recalled John Simon's vicious putdown in *Esquire* of Barbra Streisand's physical appearance and I began to feel better. I conjured up nauseating visions of **El Topo**, **The Lords of Flatbush** and other films the reviewers had encouraged me to waste my three bucks on. I gnashed my teeth in memory of a Kevin Thomas review in the *Los Angeles Times* in which I had threatened to scream if he used "anyway" one more time.

Anyway, it didn't work.

In the end, I couldn't face the signed release that turned my 300 words or less over to Billy Jack to do with as he pleased. I didn't want to become a footnote in Hollywood history as the philistine who longed to break eggheads with aikido. So I copped out. I wrote a passionless essay on the need for all of us to get in touch with ourselves so that we don't have to depend on critics to tell us what we like or how we should respond. I walked the middle of the road. Billy Jack would have shaken his head in shame.

On the other hand, if I told him what I really thought, he might have given me a chop in the neck.

Dear Sweepstakes Winner: You and guest are invited to the Billy Jack vs. The Critics Contest/Sweepstakes Awards Ceremony, Luncheon... stars... free posters... record albums... guided tour of the studio...

Billy Jack was not there. His *hat* wasn't even there. I did see his wife, Dolores Taylor, arrive near the end to chat with friends. After the huge promotional build-up for the contest, the climactic event was an amazing flop, the dullest gathering since the premiere of **Dr. Phibes**. I ate lunch with a talkative contest freak, her aunt, an 18-year-old college boy, and a gray-haired teacher. We had all won something.

The contest freak had a confusing theory that the critics were the new censors, replacing the old Hays office, and suggested payola might be involved, but admitted she had beefed up her essay with false rhetoric.

"I enter contests all the time," she said through a mouthful of potato salad, "and people who enter contests can never write what they really think."

"I wrote what I thought they wanted to hear," said the teacher morosely. She had once been in advertising. "I actually felt that **The Trial of Billy Jack** was the most abominable product I have consumed in several years."

"Didn't Sam Peckinpah direct the original **Billy Jack**?" the aunt asked. "He has a reputation for violence."

"The hot dogs are greenish," the boy said. It turned out he was the only one at our table who wrote what he really felt.

Mr. Jack

He has seen **Trial** seven times and is pretty sure there is a conspiracy — perhaps subconscious — among critics to praise films of major producers and damn the independents. He also maintained critics cannot face hard relevancy and truth.

I was a little miffed, because he had won a bicycle, the best prize at our table, and hadn't paid the price of agonizing compromise. But my worst shock was reserved for the three top winners, selected by a panel of independent judges who presumably did not have Billy Jack or one of his peaceloving henchmen looking over their shoulders. I was distressed to find that they were very bright and outspoken, respected the role of the critic and apparently said so in their entries. They also admitted they were in it for the bucks, although Cpl. Mary E. Dunn, USMC, who has just finished a novel and won ten grand, adamantly defended Billy Jack, who she felt had been reviewed "out of context," since he was a new filmmaker and "deserved a chance."

Robert Joseph, who had had one screenplay optioned for production and won $7,500, admitted, like Cpl. Dunn, that he didn't care for **Trial of Billy Jack** and that he generally admired critics, particularly those in Los Angeles. He was moved to write his essay because of the condescending manner of some critics who had gone beyond judging the film to putting down a segment of the film audience for having a good time during an entertaining, if lightweight, movie.

The fact that these people had stated their true beliefs — and cleaned up — was getting depressing. I had to steel myself to face the high roller, a handsome graduate student in psychology named Brant Cortright. Despite being the big winner, he has no ambitions in writing or filmmaking. He has nothing personal against the critics, but has a more, uh, *heady* idea about them.

"In my essay, I essentially said that the essence of art was movement, flow, flux, change and that art criticism has become tied in with institutional affiliations and that the essence of institutions is stasis, nonchange, rigidity... and that it's impossible for something whose essence is nonchange to judge something whose essence is change..." His explanation made me seasick.

Cortright did say that **The Trial of Billy Jack** was "pretty corny in places," but on the whole, he "dug it."

I never saw it myself. The reviews, as you know, were terrible.

John Morgan Wilson

John Morgan Wilson is a California-based writer who frequently reports on the film scene in such publications as Los Angeles Magazine *and the* New York Times.

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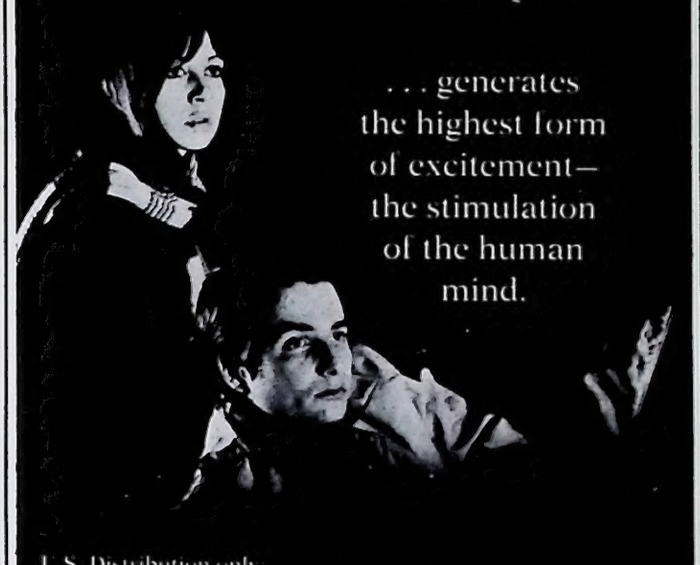

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